"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." III.—AT A NEW MINING CAMP (CREEDE).

By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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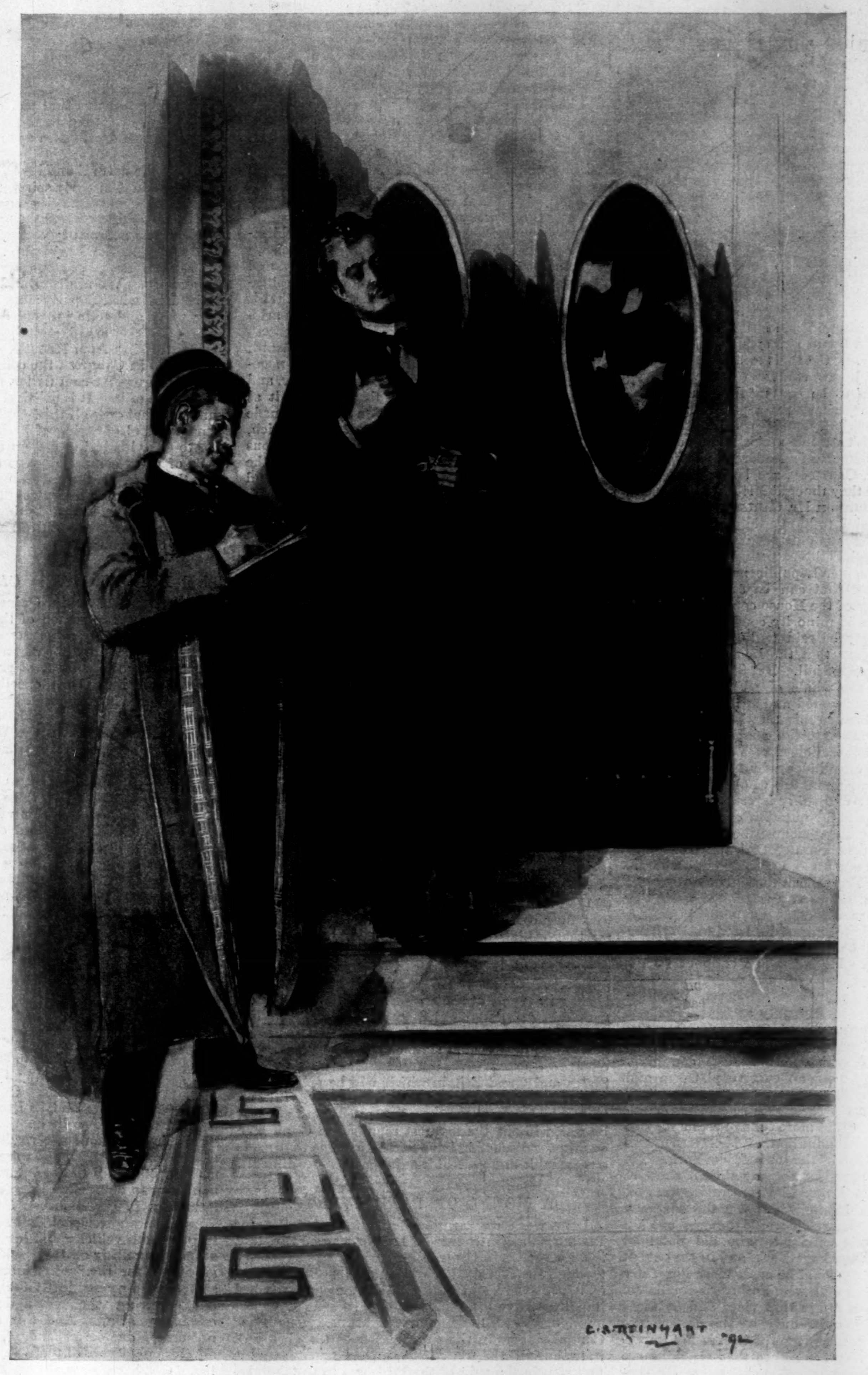

A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE.

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 354.]

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POSTPONEMENT OF THE FREE SILVER BILL.

FINDING it impossible to obtain enough Democratic support for a rule compelling a vote upon the free silver bill, Mr. Bland, the free silver leader, acknowledged his defeat. The country is to be congratulated upon present escape from a great peril. But the Democratic party is not to be congratulated, and for the reason which was succinctly stated the next morning by the *World*, which said, "The worst that can now be said of the Democratic House is that a majority tried but failed to pass a free coinage act." Moreover, it failed not because the Democratic majority is opposed to the act, but because some Democrats thought its present passage inexpedient. It might endanger the chances of Democratic success in the election. But does this help the Democratic position? If a man decides that he might be arrested if he should try to pick your pocket now, and therefore postpones the theft to a more convenient season, is he an honest man?

If the country is to be congratulated upon its escape from a great peril, it was a peril threatened by the Democratic majority, and a peril upon which it is not contended that the majority is not still bent. The chief Democratic leaders in Congress, Mr. Mills and Mr. Carlisle, are both free silver advocates, although they thought Mr. Bland's action untimely, and last autumn Mr. Carlisle was reported, and without denial, to have said that the House would pass a free coinage bill that would put President Harrison in a hole by extorting a veto which would alienate free silver Republicans from his candidacy. The utmost that can be said is that the Democratic majority of the House could not prevail against the Democratic minority combined with the Republicans. It may be said truly on the Democratic stump this year that the Democratic House did not pass a free silver bill. But it will be only a part of the truth, the whole of which is that the Democratic majority favored and still favors such a bill. So far, therefore, as this question alone is concerned, the Democrats enter the campaign at a great disadvantage. In an election of such complex issues and tendencies the most independent voter may not yet see clearly how, upon the whole, it would be better to vote. But one thing is certainly evident, whatever heresy upon the question of the currency may prevail among Republicans, the experience of this Congress has demonstrated that disastrous currency legislation is much more probable under Democratic than under Republican dominance.

In this situation, as we suggested last week, the one course which would offset the plain inference from the Democratic feeling as disclosed in the silver controversy would be the Democratic nomination of Mr. Cleveland. He is the one eminent Democratic leader whose views upon the subject, as stated in his letter of last year, assure the veto of a free silver bill from him as certainly as from President Harrison. If the anti-free-silver Democrats can secure his nomination, they will give the Democratic canvass a strength which nothing else can give. Under the circumstances an evasive platform and an uncertain candidate could have but one meaning. Mr. Hill can be hardly regarded as a serious candidate, but, as we have said more than once, he may be able to defeat the nomination of Mr. Cleveland through apprehension of the loss of New York. Yet if the anti-Hill State Democracy should show at their convention in May real Democratic strength, and should affirm in their platform the currency views of Mr. Cleveland, it would become evident that any Democratic candidate who did not hold those views would lose New York, and in that event the fight for the State could be made more hopefully with Mr. Cleveland than with any other candidate. This, of course, is a mugwump view, and to those who hold that the chief duty of the Democratic party is to repel the mugwump vote it is not important. But those who are aware that elections are decided by a majority of votes will naturally consider whether events have not made it a paramount **necessity for Democrats to nullify so far as possible** the suspicion and the consequent apprehension of Democratic unsoundness upon the currency.

THE ARBITRATION.

THE same day relieved the country of fear of dangerous currency legislation and of serious trouble with Great Britain about the seals. In the later correspondence it is evident that we have had the better of the argument, and Great Britain of the manner. What may be called the cocky tone of our official letters was very droll, as they were supposed to be the words of a President who is renowned as a Presbyterian elder; and the invincible diplomatic courtesy of the other side had inevitably a certain air of contrast. The English press, however, is as bumptious as ever toward the United States. In 1814 the London *Times*, speaking of President Madison, exclaimed, "Why, what an ass this fellow must be!" In 1892 it says that "President Harrison is fuming and sputtering in a fashion which Americans presumably think imposing." These are the familiar bovine manners of the English press toward other nations. In the discussion of international questions the Briton of the newspaper is very apt to swagger like a cockney abroad. There has been no occasion for heat or menace in the correspondence on either side, and there is no reason to suppose that the remark that the President will be compelled to use every means in his power to protect what we claim as property affected the proposition of Lord Salisbury. Neither the President nor the Minister has really meant war, and as we had the argument, any threat was superfluous.

All the essential questions are submitted to arbitration by the treaty, and as the poaching of which we complain destroys both the seals and the fishery, and as both sides had already agreed, pending the arbitration, that poaching should cease, our proposal that it should continue to cease until the award of the arbitrators was announced was incontrovertibly reasonable. Any other course would have been absurd, and must necessarily have abruptly ended the negotiation. Lord Salisbury saw this undoubtedly, and therefore upon the plain proof that we saw it as clearly as he, he says that provision must be made for protecting ultimately the rights of all, to which, of course, no objection can be made. The questions to be submitted by the treaty are five, of which the first four relate to jurisdiction in the Bering Sea and to the interpretation of treaties relating to it, and the fifth submits in terms the question of property over which there has been so much contention. It is in these words: "Has the United States any right, and if so, what right, of protection or property in the fur seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Bering Sea when such seals are found outside of the ordinary three-mile limit?"

It is contended that there can be no right of property in *feræ naturæ*, and that such a right asserted as valid in the open sea is ridiculous. But the important fact is this, that while none of the customs to which nations agree, and which collectively constitute what is called international law, attach to the seal fishery, yet the recognized common interest of nations in the preservation of the seals has led to an agreement upon what is called a close season, during which seals shall not be taken. For the same reason of an acknowledged common interest, why may not a close season become a recognized international custom? This is a question upon which it would be interesting to hear from the arbitrators, even if only in *obiter dicta*. It may be that they will decide that the United States cannot assert an exclusive right of property in seals except within the three-mile limit of their coasts. But they might say, nevertheless, that the preservation of the seals is so desirable for all that killing during a certain season should be prohibited by common consent. The theory of the *mare clausum*, or that Bering Sea is really subject to our jurisdiction, is not now asserted by us. But it has been a point of contention, and it is well that it should be definitely settled by a final interpretation of the Russian treaties. It is impossible to contemplate the now probable, simple, satisfactory, and conclusive settlement of the difference between the United States and Great Britain which will be achieved by arbitration, and, on the other hand, the frightful and incalculable consequences of an attempt to settle it by war, without the severest reprobation of all who during the discussion have taken any tone that made a reasonable and peaceable adjustment more difficult.

A MORAL OF LATE EVENTS.

LAST week we mentioned the fact that Senator Plunkitt had introduced a bill for a speedway, that is, a race-track, in Central Park, which was "rushed" through the Legislature, while the Governor snatched it, as it were, and signed it the moment it reached him, then gave the pen, as the instrument of a great and good deed, to Senator Plunkitt. The Park Commissioners in the city, as soon as they heard of it, authorized the work to begin, and apparently the first step in the ruin of the Park was to be taken before the public clearly understood what was going on. This week we have to announce that Senator Plunkitt has introduced a bill in the Senate, and asked for its unanimous passage, repealing the law which he proposed. We trust that, when the bill passes, the Governor will present to Senator Plunkitt the pen with which he signs it. The incident is an illustration of the kind of Legislature that is sitting in Albany. It is a *bouffe* Legislature, a Legislature of the comic opera. In the political history of New York, since the organization of a Legislature under the Constitution, it is doubtful whether there has been so extraordinary a body.

It is not seriously supposed to represent the people. After the election it was said, as if the event depended upon his will, as probably it did, that if Mr. Richard Croker continued in the frame of mind in which he was hoped to be, there might be some wise modification of the ballot-reform law. The remarkable "huckleberry" and bridge legislation was due not to any popular wish or approval or necessity, but to the interests of three or four notorious party bosses. Mr. Croker and Mayor Grant are now said to have agreed that the race-track shall not be at present introduced into the Park, and Senator Plunkitt consequently asks the Senate to repeal unanimously his own bill. A more comical parody upon popular government could not be devised by a humorist. In spirit it recalls the burlesque of Knickerbocker. It is a droll satire upon representative government.

Yet it is the natural and logical result of the excess of party spirit. The party spirit of the gentlemen who are protesting energetically against the Tammany and Hill machine, created the machine. Those who reprobate the action of the Legislature most vehemently, elected the Legislature. Those who decry Croker and Co. most strongly, commissioned Croker and Co. We are constantly told that nothing can be done without party; but it is only by repudiating party and acting together as citizens that the Central Park is saved, and the State is spared the discredit arising from Maynard's promotion to the bench. So in Congress, the country escapes the disaster of a sixty-five-cent dollar, not by party action, but in spite of it. It is political independence, mugwumpery, that does all this. Party makes the Legislature the tool of a ring of bosses, and forces Plunkitt to offer his bill to despoil the Park. Independence of party compels him to try to repeal it, and saves the Park. If the government of the city is ever to be rescued from the control of a secret ring, it will not be done by party, but by independence of party. This is a mugwump moral of recent incidents which will not be forgotten.

THE BUILDING AND CARE OF ROADS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Quincy, Illinois, writes a timely word. The season of the year now opening is the most trying of all seasons to roads. But, fortunately, public attention was never more thoroughly aroused to the subject of good roads than it is now. There have been excellent pamphlets published. There is a magazine devoted to the subject, and our correspondent speaks of Mr. John Gilmer Speed's recent article in the Weekly, saying that he "handles the subject of road-building in a very able manner, and the illustrations accompanying the article are true to the fact, and I must say that I never saw truer pictures. The wagon stuck fast in the mud could be seen this winter in some of the public streets of Quincy, and on some of the most travelled ones at that. Mr. Speed tells how to build a road, but he does not inform your readers how to keep those roads in good order after being built. It is one thing to make a good road, but it is equally important to keep that road in good repair. The planting of seeds correctly in the first place is something worth knowing, but it is far more necessary to know how to take care of your plants after the seed has sprouted. The weeds must be exterminated and the soil kept stirred."

This is a point of the utmost importance. We know roads that are admirably built, and at great cost to the community, which, when completed, are suffered by the community to be pulverized into dust and blown away, forgetting that eternal vigilance is the price of good roads. Our Illinois correspondent says: "In England, as I tramped many miles, it was a comfort to walk on the splendid highways. Every few rods, on some roads, I saw small piles of macadam, and the stones were broken up fine—not used, as on many of our highways, any size from a hen's egg to chunks as large as my two fists. The latter size is very common on our Western roads. These stones never pack, but are always in the way, ruining both vehicles and horses; for many a noble animal travelling on these said-to-be gravelled roads is injured for life." Yet more is necessary to preserve a road economically than intelligent building, and repairing whenever a defect is revealed, and careful watering. And this something more does not escape our correspondent, as it has not escaped all close observers of roads in this part of the country. Good roads are at once signs and promoters of civilization, and they should be scientifically treated.

The preservation of the hard and uniform surface of the road is indispensable, and this is to be accomplished not only by proper preparation, but by the prevention of injury, which in this part of the country is most commonly done by narrow tires. For, as our correspondent remarks, "what is the use of spending money on roads when wagons are made with narrow tires? If State Legislatures pass acts for the building of roads, they also should make it incumbent upon the owners of wagons to have wide tires to their wagon wheels, the width of tire to be graded according to weight of load the wagon is to carry, but no tire on a two-horse wagon to be less than three inches, and so on up to five inches; and, as in Europe, wagons must not be allowed to travel in one beaten track, but must change from one part of the road to another." Our correspondent clinches his suggestion by an illustration worthy of Poor Richard: "Any person can find out for himself the advantage of wide-tire wheels over narrow ones by trying to cut a piece of meat with the back of the knife instead of the edge." It is certainly remarkable that in a country famous for its trotting horses and a kind of equine enthusiasm, the general interest in good roads and a general determination to have them should be comparatively recent. But public attention seems to be now thoroughly aroused, and quagmires for roads in spring will not be tolerated.

DANGEROUS ASSUMPTIONS.

THE present disposition of the silver coinage question favors the view that the election of this year will turn upon the question of tariff reform. Such a result would be very agreeable to many voters, but in the actual situation it cannot be safely assumed. The canvass of last autumn in New York is full of instruction upon that point. It was assumed then that the Democratic side in the canvass represented tariff reform, and that to oppose the Democratic nomination was to oppose that reform.

The election took place; the Democratic side prevailed by a great majority, and the result was the defeat of the tariff reform Speaker and the theft of the Senate in New York, the elevation of MAYNARD to the highest court, the complete Democratic domination of HILL in New York, the startling peril of free silver coinage, and for a time, if not still, the defeat of the nomination for the Presidency of the Democratic tariff reform candidate. This was all the result of assuming that Democratic success must mean necessarily nothing but tariff reform.

But the consequences of party success cannot be so closely circumscribed. The election of 1890 was interpreted by those who can now see no real issue in any election but tariff reform, as an overwhelming demonstration that the new Congress need but meet to "obey the popular mandate," and provide reform. It met four months ago, and the only important result thus far is a desperately narrow escape from a grave financial disaster. Because of that escape, it is idle to assume once more that now all obstructions are removed, and that Democratic success this time will mean tariff reform. That depends not upon the character of Democratic success, but upon the character of Democratic counsels and candidates.

MR. ANDREW'S BILL.

IT is stated from Washington that the bill introduced by Mr. ANDREW "to exclude political influence from the appointment of laborers under the authority of the United States" is not without a fair chance of friendly consideration. There is no question whatever of the wisdom and admirable result of Secretary TRACY'S order regulating employment in the navy-yards upon the principle of Mr. ANDREW'S bill, which not only gives to the Secretary's order the force and permanence of law, but extends its scope to the whole public labor system.

The bill does not require competitive examinations for labor appointments, but provides for registration and responsible certificates of character. It would affect some twenty or twenty-five thousand places, and, as we have already said, would be a most important step in the progress of reform. It is not surprising to learn that it is received with favor by labor associations, because it is a measure in which they are especially interested. The passage of the bill at this time would have undoubtedly a decided influence upon the election, because it would indicate a Democratic sympathy in the reform more effective than that shown by the late Republican Congress.

At present there is no question that those who feel that reform in the civil service is a question not less important than any other, and the first effective step toward the correction of the corruption which more and more discredits every election, are inclined to believe that the weight of the reform sentiment is on the Republican side. To shake this belief would be necessarily a great Democratic advantage in the election of the year.

THE OLD UNION AND THE NEW.

THE sentiment of disunion was not a sudden outburst of feeling in 1861. It was a long and slowly maturing sentiment, and the Union was morally dissolved before the shot was fired at Sumter. The form remained, and there were Union men in the Southern States, such as PETIGRU of South Carolina, but it cannot be said that he represented the prevailing feeling of his section. It was this actual divergence of feeling that made any other issue of the situation than war impossible, and it was for the same reason that the end of the war could not mark a restored Union.

It was a severance that could heal but gradually, but for a quarter of a century it has been healing happily, and an actual, not merely a formal, Union has been developing, until now it may be said truly that no man who is now old has ever known so true a Union as that of to-day. The illustrations of this fact are many, but the most significant are often unobserved. In a recent issue of the Birmingham *Age* in Alabama, there is a report of the anniversary celebration of the Philomathic Society of Howard College, at which, after prayer and music, the subject for debate was announced, "*Resolved*, that the battle of Gettysburg exerted a more beneficial influence on subsequent history than the battle of Waterloo."

The subject, says the *Age*, "was handled in a masterly manner by the young men"—three on a side; "the audience manifested the liveliest interest, swayed first one way and then the other, as the arguments *pro* and *con* were placed before them;" and after an interval of further entertainment, the judges "announced a decision in favor of the affirmative." Such a little incident is very suggestive, and leaves no doubt that whether or not there be a new South, there is unquestionably a new Union.

A POLITICAL STUDY.

THE latest accounts from Brazil report that "a fresh revolution" has begun in the State of Matto-Grosso, headed by a Senator, for the purpose of deposing the Governor. In Rio Grande do Sul the revolution is ended for the present by the resignation of one Governor in favor of another. Rio Grande and other southern states are reported to be contemplating a new republic. These are significant facts. Since the revolution in Rio de Janeiro that sent Dom PEDRO out of the country there has been no assured government, and Brazil seems to be falling into the proverbial chronic condition of South American states, which is revolution.

The lesson of the political history of many of the South American states is that of the old French revolution, that all is not a republic that is called so. The overthrow of the Emperor of Brazil by military force, and the proclamation of a republic by the successful general and his army, did not make a republic, which is something much more than a name. No people are so little fitted to govern themselves as the subjects of a despotism. The BOURBON sovereignty in France was not a school of the republic, and the proclamation of a republic in Russia to-day might announce the fall of the Czar's despotism, but not the rise of popular government.

In Brazil there are not many of the conditions that make republican government practicable, for the root of a republic is in the intelligence, the traditions, and the customs of a people. England is probably the only monarchy that could transform itself peaceably into a republic. Dom PEDRO was a singularly modern monarch, but he had not the talent of bringing the people to keep pace with him. At the present moment there is no more interesting political study than the condition of Brazil.

THE POSTAL CLERKS.

THE public department of universal extension and of infinite detail, the branch of the public service which never sleeps, is the Post-office. With every year it comes more and more to every man's door in the free delivery, and there is a disposition constantly to enlarge its sphere and to make it a parcels express and a popular savings-bank, as it is already a most efficient international exchange. It is at once the most popular and the most convenient public service.

Its growth is illustrated by the fact that while there were about 20,000 post-offices in 1850, there are more than 68,000 in 1892. It ought to be organized in the most complete and thorough manner, and every year something more is done to secure such organization. There can be no reasonable objection to the bill now pending in Congress which proposes to classify the clerks in the first and second class offices. It fixes salaries equitably, assures promotion according to length of service and proved ability, and makes fidelity and efficiency the sole tenure of office. There is now no classification which secures promotion by service and ability, the hours of labor are unreasonably long, the compensation is inadequate, and there is no annual vacation.

There are no wiser laws than those which improve the details of administration, and when such laws tend to temper the warmth of party and to dignify the service by promoting the self-respect of the public employés, they are of the highest general benefit. The pending bill was prepared by the National Association of Post-office Clerks, and every reader of these lines who would help an admirable measure can do so effectively by asking his Representative in Congress to befriend this bill.

PERSONAL.

THE reunion of ex-Confederate officers in New Orleans on April 8th seems to show that in the matter of longevity the generals of the lost cause have fared better than the commanders of the Union forces. For of the 498 general officers of the Confederate army there are still 174, or about 35 per cent., surviving. Of these, P. G. T. BEAUREGARD is the only full General now living, and he, though seventy-four years old, is remarkably well preserved. He is a prominent figure on the streets of New Orleans, and moves about with the erect bearing and military dash that have always characterized him. General EARLY, BEAUREGARD'S business associate of recent times, is two years the latter's senior, and is somewhat bent with years. General E. KIRBY SMITH, another of the older Confederate officers, is passing the decline of life quietly as a professor in the University of Tennessee, at Sewanee.

—More patents have been granted to THOMAS A. EDISON than to any other inventor in the United States, and probably in the world. On the lists of the Patent Bureau in Washington he is credited with more than 600 inventions, almost entirely in electrical appliances, and during one single week eight sets of letters-patent were issued in his name. The largest number of patents, in proportion to population, are taken out by the people of Connecticut, among whom, in curious confirmation of their proverbial shrewdness in devising "Yankee notions," one citizen in every 700 is an inventor.

—Probably the handsomest of the men whose names are most prominently before the public as possible candidates for the Presidency is Governor PATTISON, of Pennsylvania. He is a trifle more than six feet tall, and is very gracefully though strongly proportioned, while his features are clean cut, and his chin shows firmness and character. His face is swarthy, so much so that with his black hair and eyebrows it gives him the appearance of an Italian, though he is a Marylander by birth, and of Scotch descent. There is a sign of his Scotch ancestry in his hazel eyes, which contrast rather curiously with the dark brows above them.

—The recent marriage to a fourth wife of JOHN JASPER, the octogenarian negro preacher of Richmond, has brought him almost as much notice as did his famous sermon on the movements of the sun. Parson JASPER'S church is said to have the largest colored congregation in the South, and he has so many inquiries about the sermon that gave him celebrity that he occasionally delivers it to keep its argument fresh in the memory of his flock. The Rev. JASPER is described as a fair representative of the old-time plantation exhorter. He possesses much dignity of manner, and speaks with an impressiveness that lends great weight to his lightest utterances. He lives in the heart of the negro colony in Richmond, and his study is said to be hung with innumerable portraits of himself.

—The poet RILEY is said to be the most affable of literary men, though perhaps that distinction may be disputed by PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, whose reputation for kindliness and geniality is proverbial almost. RILEY is an agreeable talker, with a charm of manner that disarms criticism and makes every new acquaintance a friend. The poet is approaching middle life, but time has so far left no wrinkles or marks of care in his face, which is as smooth and fair as a boy's. His royalties and his receipts from the lecture platform have made him financially prosperous, and he takes life more easily than less fortunate writers are able to do, or than he did himself a few years ago.

—Senator SHERMAN has acquired a reputation for austerity and coldness of manner that will last during his life, but in the society of his intimates and in the privacy of his home he is reputed to be a most cordial and agreeable man. His voice is pleasing, and he is an entertaining talker. Most people do not remember that at the outbreak of the war Senator SHERMAN came near embarking on a military career, when he became an aide-de-camp on General SCOTT'S staff, and raised a brigade in Ohio. Had he remained in the service until the peace of Appomattox, a comparison of his own with his brother's success as a soldier would have furnished a most interesting topic for historians.

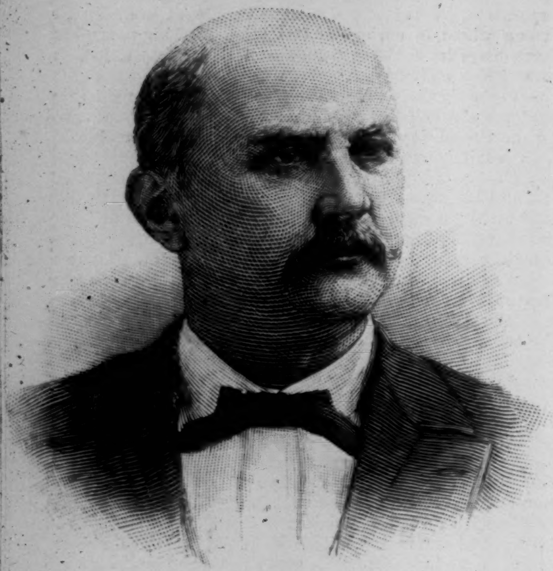
—ANDREW CARNEGIE told a San Francisco reporter that the first and most important lesson he learned in the art of money-getting was that "it isn't the man who does the work who makes the money; it's the man who gets other men to do it." Mr. CARNEGIE was an errand-boy in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company when thirteen years old. By the time he was eighteen he had acquired so good a knowledge of telegraphy that he was appointed chief operator of the road, and then for the first time he began to save money for future investment. Within a few years he bought a small iron-foundry in partnership with his brother, and he made his first million of dollars by introducing steel rails into America. His wealth now, as stated by himself, is between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000.

—The *Daily Advertiser*, of Newark, New Jersey, has been owned in one family for half a century. Within the past few weeks Mr. KINNEY, the long-time proprietor, has sold the paper to a company that will conduct it upon the same dignified lines as formerly. Mr. NOAH BROOKS will continue in charge of the editorial page, and Mr. ISAAC D. MARSHALL will be the Manager. Mr. MARSHALL till now has been for many years the Managing Editor of the American Press Association, that has made the plates used by out-of-town papers and brought about that revolution in the country newspaper press some account of which was recently printed in the WEEKLY.

—The revolution in Venezuela calls attention anew to the extraordinary career of ex-President GUZMAN BLANCO, who is at the head of the insurgent forces. BLANCO combines to so remarkable a degree the shrewdness of the statesman with the dash of the soldier that among the people of Venezuela he has been regarded as a second BOLIVAR, while in North America he has become the best known of Spanish American leaders. Physically as well as mentally he is a splendid type of manhood, for he stands six feet four inches, and is a man of great personal magnetism. Like other South and Central American Presidents, he has accumulated great wealth, his private fortune being estimated at $6,000,000 or more.

—Nearly every member of the ruling families of Europe is a clever performer on some musical instrument. It rarely happens, however, that these royal accomplishments are put to a practical test of merit, and the story told of the flute-playing of the Duke of Oporto, the Portuguese King's brother, is interesting. On a wager with one of the nobles of the Lisbon court, he once set out in disguise to earn his living with his flute for a week, and succeeded without difficulty in getting an engagement in the orchestra of the opera-house at Madrid. His playing was satisfactory, and at the end of the week he received from the leader of the orchestra a very flattering letter of recommendation.

—Senator FELTON acquired his first capital by watching a haystack for a month, shot-gun in hand, to repel marauders. For this service he was paid $500 in gold, a seemingly fabulous sum; but that was in the flush times of the Argonaut days, when bullion was plentiful and the necessaries of life scarce. He increased his fortune by establishing a mining-camp store, where, within a few months, he made $3000 out of pickles alone, selling them to the miners as a palliative for scurvy. The future Senator at one time owned a part of the Comstock Lode, and sold his and his partner's share for $190,000. Since then nearly $100,000,000 in bullion has been taken out of that mine.

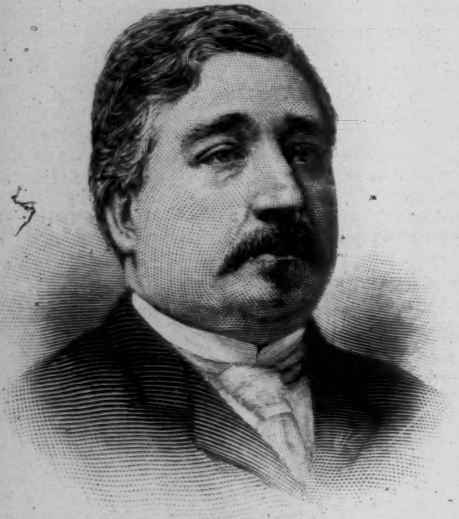


SPEAKER CHARLES F. CRISP.

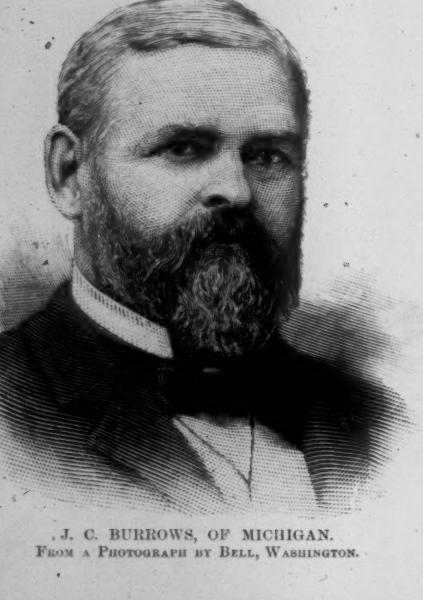
THE FIGHT AGAINST FREE COINAGE.

WHEN Mr. Crisp was elected Speaker of the Federal House of Representatives, no well-informed person doubted that a free coinage bill would be passed by that body. The anti-silver Democrats based their hopes on the Senate, and especially on the Senate Finance Committee, which was known to be disposed to settle the silver issue by means of an International Monetary Conference. The character of Mr. Crisp's Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures only confirmed the belief that a free coinage bill would pass the House as the same bill passed it in 1878.

The fight on the silver question has been in progress ever since the opening of the session. The tariff question, which, it was anticipated, would afford the leading topic of discussion, was pushed into the background. The Ways and Means Committee did not take the lead of the House in legislation. The meetings of the Coinage Committee became more interesting than those of any other committee. Mr. Bland's purposes were known. There was no question as to where he would stand. For nearly twenty years he had been knocking at the statute-book for the admission of a free coinage act. But with his followers it was different. Some of them, it is true, were as sincere and honest advocates of free coinage as Mr. Bland. Others were for the bill because their constituents were believed to demand the free coinage of silver. These two classes were not to be moved by argument or entreaty. Their consciences or their interests stood in the way. There was a third and large class, however, who believed that it was "good politics" to advocate free silver. Upon this class the anti-silver men worked. Neglecting for the time the merits of the question, they appealed to the free silver men as Democrats, and undertook to prove to them that the introduction of the free silver issue into the Presidential campaign would necessarily complicate the contest, would divert the struggle from the issues on which the Democrats had won their great majority in Congress in the elections of 1890, and would endanger, if not destroy, Democratic chances in the three Eastern States—New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—and in the hopeful group of States of the Northwest, at the head of which stands Wisconsin, whose Democratic Legislature had pronounced emphatically against free coinage.

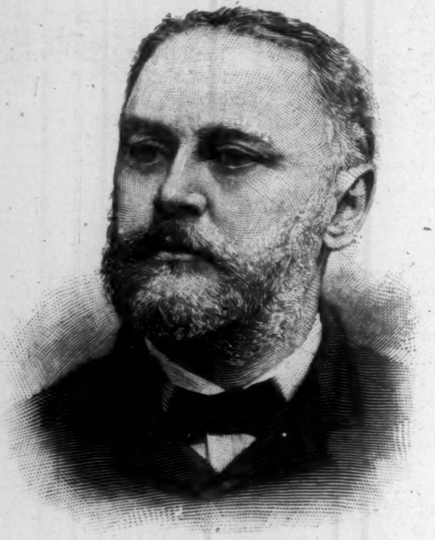


W. B. COCKRAN, OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.



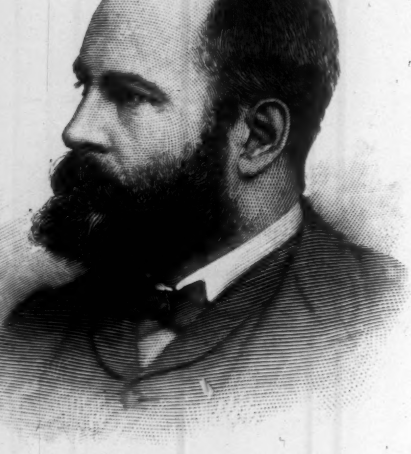
J. C. BURROWS, OF MICHIGAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

Finally the vote on the question of considering the Bland bill was taken, and the majority in favor of the proposition was discouraging. It seemed as though the work of persuasion and argument had gone for nothing. Nevertheless the fight was maintained. Telegrams, letters, and petitions poured in. Through the efforts of the New York *World*, begun within four days of the time set for consideration, a petition signed by 6000 Democrats was presented. It urged the postponement of the bill until after the Presidential election. This appeal to party loyalty was for a time unheeded. The debate began on Tuesday, March 22d, and proceeded until Thursday afternoon, when Mr. Bland moved the previous question. To this time the free coinage men had confidently counted on a majority of 40 on the final vote.



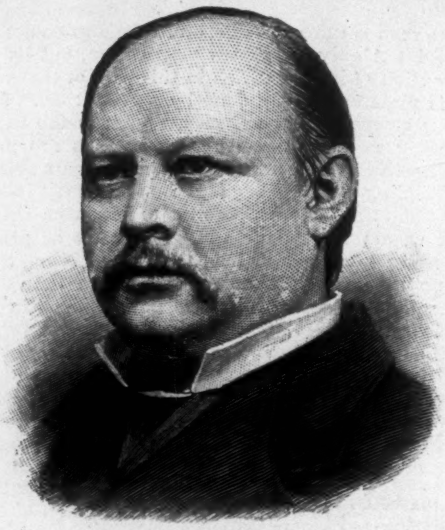
CHARLES TRACEY, OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STERRY, ALBANY.

Then it was discovered that the work of the anti-silver men had accomplished wonderful results. To the surprise of every one, Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, the cleverest parliamentarian on the Republican side of the House, moved to lay the bill on the table. The Speaker himself was astonished at the audacity of the motion, and Mr. Burrows was obliged to call his attention to the rule in order to convince him that a motion to lay on the table takes precedence of a motion for the previous question. The Speaker acquiesced, although he must have been reluctant, for throughout the whole evening he plainly showed that it was his purpose to force the passage of the bill if it was in his power to do so. Speaker Crisp is a determined man, and believes in doing his utmost for the cause in which he is for the moment enlisted. As the roll-call went on, the excitement in the House became intense, for it was seen that the vote would be very close, and the fate of the bill would be settled if Mr. Burrows prevailed. As it turned out, the vote was 148 for tabling and 147 against. The Speaker's vote was needed, and he gave it, making the vote a tie. As a majority was required to lay the bill on the table, Mr. Burrows's motion was defeated.



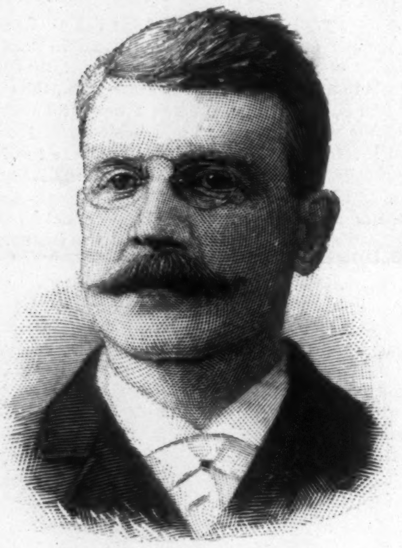
J. D. WARNER, OF NEW YORK.

The surprise of the free silver men was complete, and their anger was intense. They were ready to adopt any method that would secure the passage of their favorite measure. They were even ready, as it turned out subsequently, to resort to practices that in the last Congress they denounced as tyrannical. Mr. Bland himself seemed dazed. Mr. Outhwaite moved to adjourn. If that motion had been carried, the bill would have been displaced. Mr. Bland rallied, and defeated the motion, the Republicans helping him. Then Tom Johnson, of Ohio, who voted with the free-silver men for the purpose, moved to reconsider the vote by which Mr. Burrows's motion was lost. Mr. Bland moved to table Johnson's motion. He was now in his turn defeated by a tie vote, 145 to 145, so that the anti-silver men had another opportunity to table the bill.



EX-SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED, OF MAINE.

And now came a great wrangle with the Speaker. On the previous roll-calls he had on his own motion ordered the clerk to recapitulate the vote, that is, to read it over for the correction of errors. On Johnson's motion he simply announced the vote, and declared it lost by a tie vote of 148 to 148. The announcement was greeted by a storm of indignation. Members shouted their protests. Demands for a recapitulation were made. The Speaker denied them, on the ground that they were made after the result of the vote was declared. He was reminded that he had himself ordered the recapitulation on previous votes, and that on this occasion he had given no opportunity for a demand. He was angrily told that the vote as declared was wrong. Finally Mr. Bland, with the fairness that characterized him throughout, said that if any member doubted the accuracy of the count, he hoped that there would be a recapitulation. The Speaker acceded, and the recapitulation showed errors enough to carry Johnson's motion.

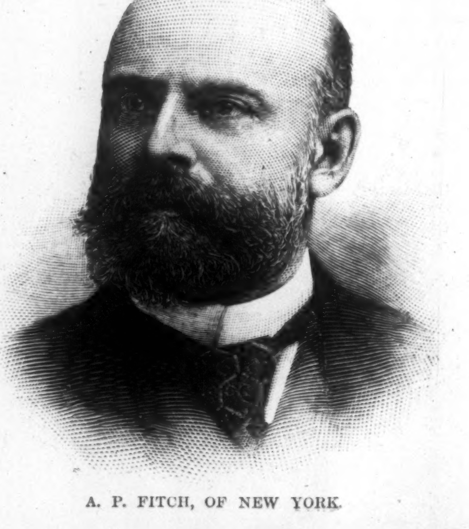


G. F. WILLIAMS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

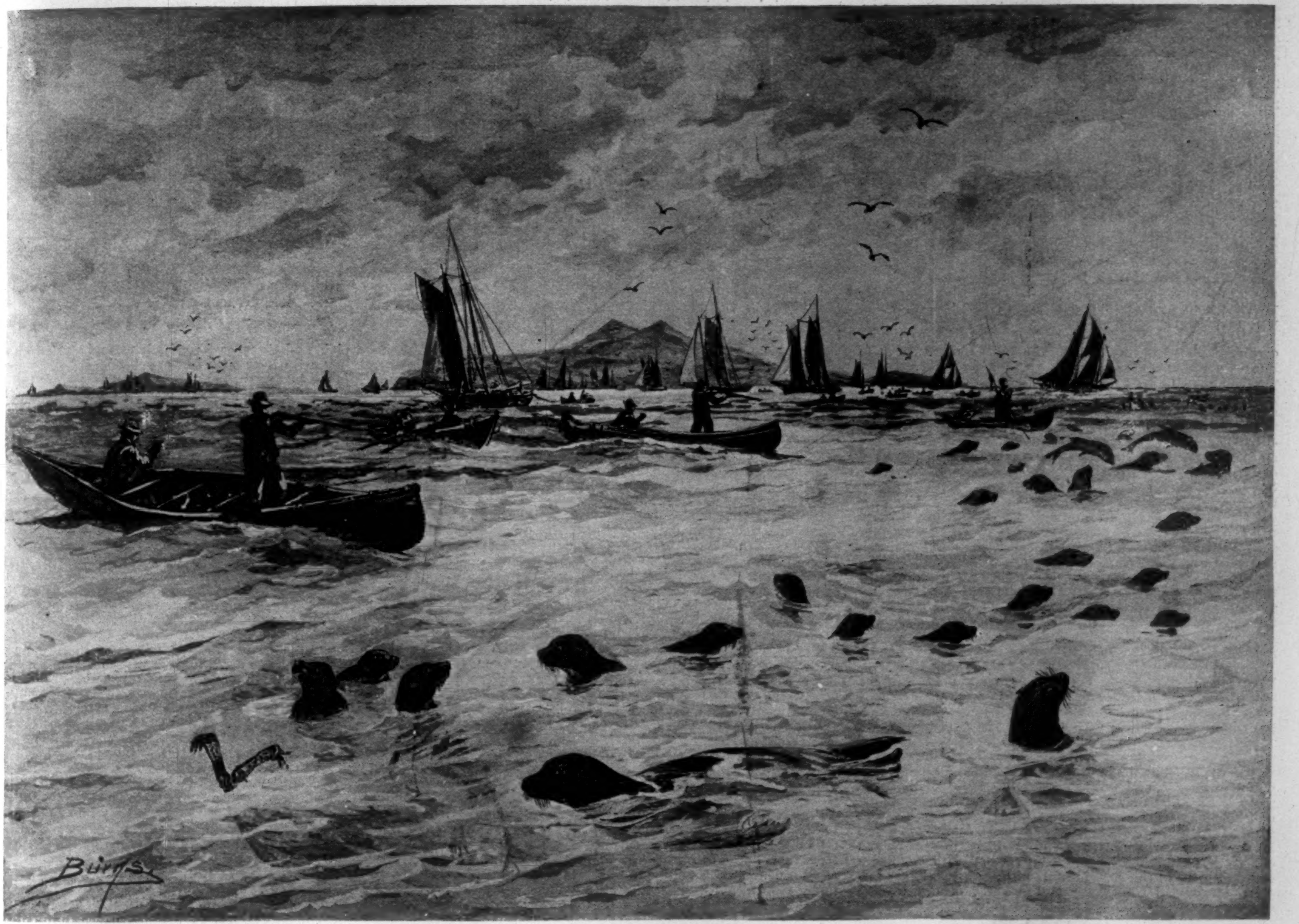
Burrows's motion then came up once more, was then lost, and after a parliamentary struggle Mr. Bland himself moved the adjournment. The bill was subsequently killed for the session by the Speaker's refusal to apply cloture.

In this exciting parliamentary struggle Mr. Bourke Cockran was the conspicuous figure on the Democratic side. His was the voice and presence and tireless energy. With him were Tracey, Fitch, and Warner, of New York, and George Fred. Williams, of Massachusetts, while aiding him with their great parliamentary resources were ex-Speaker Reed and Burrows. It was a great victory nobly won.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



A. P. FITCH, OF NEW YORK.



PELAGIC FUR-SEAL HUNTING OFF AKOOTAN PASS, BERING SEA.—AFTER A SKETCH BY HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

BY M. A. LANE.

VISITORS to the site of the Columbian Exposition at Jackson Park invariably make one odd remark on entering the grounds: "Where are the workmen?" Enter by any gate you will, take any road that strikes you when you *have* entered, inspect any of the buildings you have a chance to come upon (and let your inspection be within or without, it matters not), and the one impression that outweighs and sinks deeper than all others is the impression that the laborers, carpenters, and mechanics have taken a vacation, and left the World's Fair to take care of itself. Yes, of course, there is a man here and there. Off on one corner of the Transportation Building are a couple of staff men clothed in overalls, nailing on slabs of custing. They are attended by a laborer below, who hauls up the material by means of a pulley rope. Then there are a half-dozen or so more hammering away at the wood-work on the Mines or Electricity building. Now and then a man with a barrow before him appears and disappears by way of the road.

But what of it? Where are the 5000 hired help of the chief architect? Are they at lunch in the basement or dining uptown? Not they. They are working (the whole 5000) right within sight and sound; and this very delusion assists one to some sort of conception of the vastness of the World's Fair structures. One would ordinarily expect to see hundreds of men vigorously at work hammering, sawing, plastering, carting, digging, and making themselves painfully manifest. Nothing of the kind. And it stands to reason, too. Put 750 men at work together on a building as large as the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and they would make a creditable showing. There would be an air of business about it. Put the same number to work on a building with thirty-two acres of floor space, and the dispersive effect is at once noticed. Scattered about in groups of four and five over a working space of more than one-third of a mile long by one-fifth of a mile wide, and 750 men (or a thousand men) become equal to as many as may be in three of the groups.

The average visitor to the park (and there are thousands of them) gapes at the vastness of the structures, the extent of the grounds, the wonderful strides made in the work week after week, and then turns around and wonders, too, where are the men who are doing it all. Like the average human of anywhere, he fails to see that the explanation of the second wonder lies directly in the very causes of his first wonder. It is purely a question of comparison, and nothing else.

It is the intention of the directors of the exposition to dedicate all the buildings next October. The inference from this statement is that the directors look forward to the completion of the big structures by that month. Will the directors be disappointed? Will the construction department, its contractors, engineers, and laborers, fail in the undertaking? Will the buildings be fit for dedication at the time appointed?

These are questions that have caused more serious thought to those men who are responsible for the fair, its failures or its successes, than these same men are, perhaps, ready to confess. It is certainly a great truth that the builders have accomplished a vast amount of work, and have spent vast sums of money. It is also true that the face of the site for the fair at Jackson Park has been changed marvellously. But much remains to be done—more than has been done already. There is one argument most strongly in favor of the side that insists on the affirmative of the question, and that is the process that argues from the past to the future. Within six weeks the grounds have assumed new color and force; changes have taken place in the general lay-out that speak in the most unequivocal terms of the extremely rapid progress of the work. In six weeks the entire group of structures has been given plainly perceptible form. Large additions have been made to those buildings that were then well under way; those that were only being founded at that time have come up as the traditional mushroom in the night; and more than one are now almost the reflex of the creative brain that conceived them more than a year ago.

In the first place, here is the Administration Building growing almost under the eye; here is the Manufactures Building, a concrete fact; here is the Transportation Building, ready almost, exteriorly, for the sculpture; here is the Woman's Building, in process of interior decoration; here is the Fisheries Building, springing out of nothing into most palpable reality with its wealth of detail; here is the Horticultural Building, ready for its glass roof. And so you can go on through the list much in the same fashion. And yet most of the work remains to be done. It is fair to give the construction department the benefit of the doubt, and take it at its word.

The sketches on page 353 are made after photographs by Mr. C. D. Arnold, the official photographer of the Fair.

PELAGIC FUR-SEALERS AT WORK.

SHOOTING A "FEEDER."

THE coming summer season in Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean bids fair to be the most active and destructive one ever known in the brief history of the open-water hunters of the fur seal; a larger fleet of vessels, a larger number of hunters, and larger knowledge on the part of the hunters how and where to kill the swimming or sleeping seals, causes the operations of these pelagic sealers to be far more effective than ever before, provided they are not checked; and they should be checked before the middle of June next, or not much later at the most, if the Pribylov seal herd is to be saved from substantial ruin.

Over 100 vessels, American and British, manned by some 2000 white men and Indians, are now hunting the fur seal in the open waters of the North Pacific Ocean; and as that animal leaves the Pacific and enters Bering Sea by the end of June and the 10th of July, these sealers will, if permitted, follow it up to those islands of its birth in Bering sea known as the Pribylov Group.

The methods of the open-water hunter are the methods of indiscriminate slaughter of all ages and both sexes (90 per cent. females), and they are well shown in the sketch which appears on the accompanying page. This drawing was made by an officer of the government in Bering Sea, and shows the characteristic shooting of fur seals by the white hunters as they deploy out from their schooners over the surface of the sea.

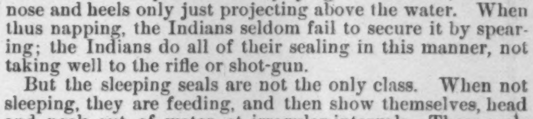
A typical sealing schooner is of about 50 to 60 tons, and manned with some 15 to 20 Indians (recruited at Victoria, British Columbia, principally) and six or seven white men.

These hunters start in every year off the Strait of Fuca and the coast of Oregon by the middle of February, since the fur seals appear off there for the first time after leaving the Seal Islands, in Bering Sea, during October and November of last year; the schooners then follow the seal herd up as it travels north and west, back into Bering Sea, keeping well abreast of the movements of the animals. Were it not for severe gales and thick fogs, the seal herd would never get out of the range of these vessels. As it is, they are followed, in spite of these difficulties, very closely, and shameful destruction wrought among them.

When the wind is not fresh and the sea not over-rough, the fur seal sleeps at times by lying on its back, with its nose and heels only just projecting above the water. When thus napping, the Indians seldom fail to secure it by spearing; the Indians do all of their sealing in this manner, not taking well to the rifle or shot-gun.

But the sleeping seals are not the only class. When not sleeping, they are feeding, and then show themselves, head and neck out of water, at irregular intervals. These seals thus engaged cannot be approached for spearing, so they are shot at. The number killed and wounded by shooting is generally said to be four and five times greater than the number secured after shooting, since a peculiarity of the seal is to sink instantly after being clean shot; and also, being wounded, it will at once dive and swim away, unless wounded in the head so as to daze or derange it; then it flounders about on the surface, and is easily picked up by the hunters. The hunters can secure and do get a number of their clean-killed seals, if they happen to be near enough to get over the wake of the settling bodies before they sink too deep for gaffing. Every boat is provided with a long pole, with hooks at one end, called a "seal gaff."

Last year these pelagic sealers secured nearly 63,000 fur seals in this manner. It is said by those who have carefully considered the question that three adult seals are lost to every one secured; therefore the 63,000 represent a loss of at least 150,000, and as most of these seals are females far advanced in pregnancy, it points with great certainty to a real loss of more than 250,000 seals.



THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW

By Richard Harding Davis.

III.—AT A NEW MINING CAMP.*

MY only ideas of a new mining camp before I visited Creede were derived from an early and eager study of Bret Harte. Not that I expected to see one of his mining camps or his own people when I visited Creede, but what few ideas of miners and their ways and manners I had were those which he had given me. I should have liked, although I did not expect it, to see the outcasts of Poker Flat before John Oakhurst, in his well-fitting frock, had left the outfit, and Yuba Bill pulling up his horses in front of the Lone Star

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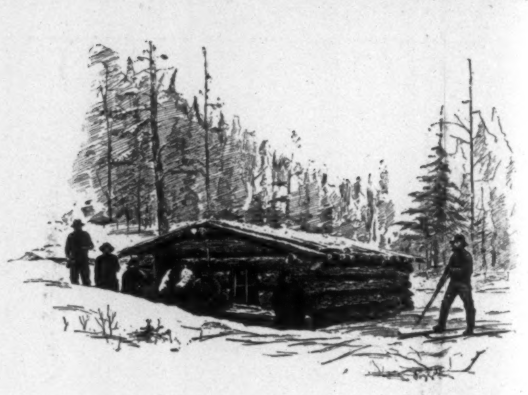
* The first paper of this series, "From San Antonio to Corpus Christi," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 5, 1892. The second paper, "Our Troops on the Border," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 26, 1892.



MINING CAMP ON THE RANGE ABOVE CREEDE.

saloon, where Colonel Starbuckle, with one elbow resting on the bar, and with his high white hat tipped to one side, waited to do him honor. I do not know that Bret Harte ever said that Colonel Starbuckle had a white hat, but I always pictured him so, and with a black stock. I wanted to hear people say, "Waal, stranger," and to see auburn-haired giants in red shirts, with bags of gold-dust and nuggets of silver, and I should dearly have liked to meet Rose of Touloumme. But all that I saw at Creede which reminded me of these miners and gamblers and the chivalric extravagant days of '49 were a steel pan, like a frying-pan without a handle, which I recognized with a thrill as the pan for washing gold, and a pick in the corner of a cabin; and once when a man hailed me as "Pardner" on the mountain-side, and asked "What luck?" The other men and the other scenes in this new silver camp showed what might have existed in the more glorious sunshine of California, but they were dim and commonplace, and lacked the sharp, clear-cut personality of Bret Harte's men and scenes. They were like the negative of a photograph which has been exposed. and which no amount of touching up will make clear. So I will not attempt to touch them up.

When I first read of Creede, when I was so ignorant concerning it that I pronounced the final *e*, it was on the date line of a newspaper, and made no more impression upon me then than though it were printed simply *Creede*. But after I had reached Denver, and even before, when I had begun to find my way about the Western newspapers, it seemed to be spelled CREEDE. In Denver it faced you everywhere from bill-boards, flaunted at you from canvas awnings stretched across the streets, and stared at you from daily papers in type an inch long; the shop windows, according to their several uses, advertised "Photographs of Creede," "The only correct map of Creede," "Specimen ore from the Holy Moses Mine, Creede," "Only direct route to Creede," "Scalp tickets to Creede," "Wanted, $500 to start drug store in Creede," "You will need boots at Creede, and you can get them at ——'s." The gentlemen in the Denver Club talk Creede; the people in the hotels dropped the word so frequently that you wondered if they were not all just going there, or were not about to write Creede on the register. It was a common language, starting-point, and interest. It was as momentous as the word Johnstown during the week after the flood.

The train which carried me there held stern, important-looking old gentlemen, who, the porter told me in an awed whisper, were one-third or one-fifteenth owners of the Pot-luck Mine; young men in Astrakhan fur coats and new top-boots laced at the ankles, trying to look desperate and rough; grub-stake prospectors, with bedding, pick, and rations in a roll on the seat beside them; more young men, who naïvely assured me when they found that I too was going to Creede, and not in top-boots and revolvers and a flannel shirt, that they had never worn such things before, and really had decent clothes at home; also women who smoked with the men and passed their flasks down the length of the car, and two friendless little girls, of whom every one except the women, who seemed to recognize a certain fitness of things, took unremitting care. Every one on the crowded train showed the effect of the magnet that was drawing him—he was restless, impatient, and excited. Half of them did not know what they were going to find; and the other half, who had already taken such another journey to Leadville, Aspen, or Cripple Creek, knew only too well, and yet hoped that *this* time—

Creede lies in a gully between two great mountains. In the summer the mountain streams wash down into this gully and turn it into a little river, but with the recklessness of true gamblers the people who came to Creede built their stores, houses, and saloons as near the base of the great sides of the valley as they could, and if the stream comes next summer, as it has done for hundreds of years before, it will carry with it fresh pine houses and log huts instead of twigs and branches.

The train stopped at the opening of this gully, and its passengers jumped out into two feet of mud and snow. The ticket office and telegraph office on one side of the track were situated in a freight car with windows and doors cut out of it, and with the familiar blue and white sign of the Western Union nailed to one end; that station was typical of the whole town in its rawness, and in the temporary and impromptu air of its inhabitants. If you looked back at the road over which you had just come, you saw the beautiful circle of the Wagon Wheel Gap, a chain of magnificent mountains white with snow, picked with hundreds of thousands of pine-trees so high above one that they looked like little black pins. The clouds, less white than the snow, lay packed in between the peaks of the range, or drifted from one to another to find a resting-place, and the sun, beating down on both a blinding glare, showed other mountains and other snow-capped ranges for fifty miles beyond. This is at the opening of Willow Gulch into which Creede has hurried and the sides of which it has tramped into mud and covered with hundreds of little pine boxes of houses and log cabins, and the simple quadrangles of four planks which mark a building site. In front of you is a village of fresh pine. There is not a brick, a painted front, or an awning in the whole town. It is like a city of fresh card-board, and the pine shanties seem to trust for support to the rocky sides of the gulch into which they have squeezed themselves. In the street are ox teams, mules, men, and donkeys loaded with ore, crowding each other familiarly, and sinking knee-deep in the mud. Furniture and kegs of beer, bedding and canned provisions, clothing and half-open packing-cases, and piles of raw lumber are heaped up in front of the new stores—or those still to be built—stores of canvas only, stores with canvas tops and foundations of logs, and houses with the Leadville front, where the upper boards have been left square instead of following the sloping angle of the roof. It is more like a circus tent, which has sprung up overnight and which may be removed on the morrow, than a town, and you cannot but feel that the people about you are a part of the show. A great shaft of rock that rises hundreds of feet above the lower town gives the little village at its base an absurdly pushing, impudent air, and the silence of the mountains about, 10,000 and 14,000 feet high, makes the confusion of hammers and the cries of the drivers swearing at their mules in the mud and even the random blasts from the mines futile and ridiculous. It is more strange and fantastic at night, when it appears to one looking down from half-way up the mountain like a camp of gypsies at the foot of a cañon. Then the raw pine fronts are lit by electric lights in red and blue globes, mixed with the hot smoky glare rising from the saloons and gambling-houses, and striking upwards far enough to show the signs of The Holy Moses Saloon, The Theatre Comique, The Keno, and The Little Delmonico against the face of the great rock at their back doors, and only suggesting the greater mass of it which towers majestically above, hidden somewhere in the night. It is as incongruous as an excursion boat covered with colored lights, and banging out popular airs at the base of the Palisades.

The town of Creede is in what is known as the King Solomon district; it is 320 miles from Denver, and lies directly in the pathway of the Great Divide. Why it was not discovered sooner, why, indeed, there is one square foot of land in Colorado containing silver not yet discovered, is something which the Eastern mind cannot grasp. Colorado is a State, not a country, and in that State the mines of Leadville, Aspen, Ouray, Clear Creek County, Telluride, Boulder, Silverton, and Cripple Creek, have yielded up in the last year $40,000,000. If the State has done that much, it can do more; and I could not understand why any one in Colorado remained contentedly at home selling ribbons when there must be other mines to be had for the finding. A prospector is, after all, very much like a tramp, but with a knowledge of minerals, a pick, rations, a purpose, and—hope. We know how many tramps we have in the East; imagine, then, all of these, instead of wandering lazily and purposelessly from farm-house to farm-house, stopping instead to hammer at a bit of rock, or stooping to pick up every loose piece they find. One would think that with a regular army like this searching everywhere in Colorado no one acre of it would by this time have remained unclaimed. But this new town of Creede, once known only as Willow Gap, was discovered but twenty months ago, and it was not until December last that the railway reached it, and, as I have said, there is not a station there yet.

N. C. Creede was a prospector who had made some money in the Monarch district before he came to Willow Gap; he began prospecting there on Campbell, now Moses Mount, with G. L. Smith, of Salida. One of the two picked up a piece of rock so full of quartz that they sunk a shaft immediately below the spot where they had found the stone. According to all known laws, they should have sunk the shaft at the spot from which the piece of rock had become detached, or from where it had presumably rolled. It was as absurd to dig for silver where they did dig as it would be to sink a shaft in Larimer Street, in Denver, because one had found a silver quarter lying in the roadway. But they dug the shaft; and when they looked upon the result of the first day's work, Smith cried, "Great God!" and Creede said, "Holy Moses!" and the Holy Moses Mine was named. While I was in Creede that gentleman was offered $1,250,000 for his share of this mine, and declined it. After that my interest in him fell away. Any man who will live in a log house at the foot of a mountain, and drink melted snow any longer than he has to do so, or refuse that much money for *anything*, when he could live in the Knickerbocker Flats, and drive forth in a private hansom with rubber tires, is no longer an object of public interest. But his past history is the history of the town. Creede and his partner knew they had a mine, but had no money to work it. So they applied to David S. Moffatt, the president of the Rio Grande Railroad, which has a track to Wagon Wheel Gap only ten miles away, and Moffatt and others formed the Holy Moses Mining Company, and secured a bond on the property at $70,000. As soon as this was known, the invasion of Willow Gap began. It was the story of Columbus and the egg. Prospectors, and provisions with which to feed them, came in on foot and on stages, and Creede began to grow. But no more mines were found at once, and the railroad into the town was slow in coming, and many departed, leaving their posts and piles of rock to mark their claims. But last June Creede received a second boom, and in a manner which heaps ridicule and scorn upon the scientific knowledge of engineers and mining experts, and which shows that luck, chance, and the absurd vagaries of fate are factors of success upon which a prospector should depend. Ralph Granger and Eri Buddenbock ran a butcher shop at Wagon Wheel Gap. "The" Renninger, of Patiro, a prospector with no tools or provisions, asked them to grub-stake him, as it is called when a man of capital furnishes a man of adventure with bacon, flour, a pick, and three or four donkeys, and starts him off prospecting, with the understanding that he is to have one-tenth of what he finds. Renninger asked Jule Haas to join him, and they departed together. One day the three burros disappeared, and wandered off many miles, with Renninger in hot and profane pursuit until they reached Bachelor Mountain, where he overtook them. But they liked Bachelor Mountain, and Renninger, failing to dislodge them with either rocks or kicks, seated himself to await their pleasure, and began chipping casually at the nearest rock. He struck a vein showing mineral in such rich quantities that he asked Creede to come up and look at it. Creede looked at it, and begged Renninger to define his claim at once. Renninger, offering up thanks to the three donkeys, did so, and named it the "Last Chance." Then Creede located next to this property, shoulder to shoulder, and named his claim the Amethyst. These names are merely names to you; they mean nothing; in Colorado you speak them in a whisper, and they sound like the Standard Oil Company or the Koh-i-noor diamond. Haas was bought off for $10,000. He went to Germany to patronize the people in the little German village from which he came with his great wealth; four months later Renninger and Buddenbock, who had staked him, sold their thirds for $70,000 each; a few days later Granger was offered $100,000 for his third, and said he thought he would hold on to it. When I was there, the Chance was putting out $180,000 per month. This shows that Granger was wiser in his generation than Haas.

At the time I visited Creede it was quite impossible to secure a bed in any of the hotels or lodging-houses. The Pullman cars were the only available sleeping-places, and rented out their berths for the night they laid over at the mining camp. But even in these, sleeping was precarious, as one gentleman found the night after my arrival. He was mistaken for another man who had picked up a bag of gold-dust from a faro table at Little Delmonico's, and who had fled into the night. After shooting away the pine-board façade in the Mint gambling-house in which he was supposed to have sought shelter, several citizens followed him on to the sleeping-car, and, of course, pulled the wrong man out of his berth, and stood him up in the aisle in front of four revolvers, while the porter and the other wrong men shivered under their blankets, and begged them from behind the closed curtains to take him outside before they began shooting. The camp was divided in its opinion on the following morning as to whether the joke was on the passenger or on the hasty citizens.

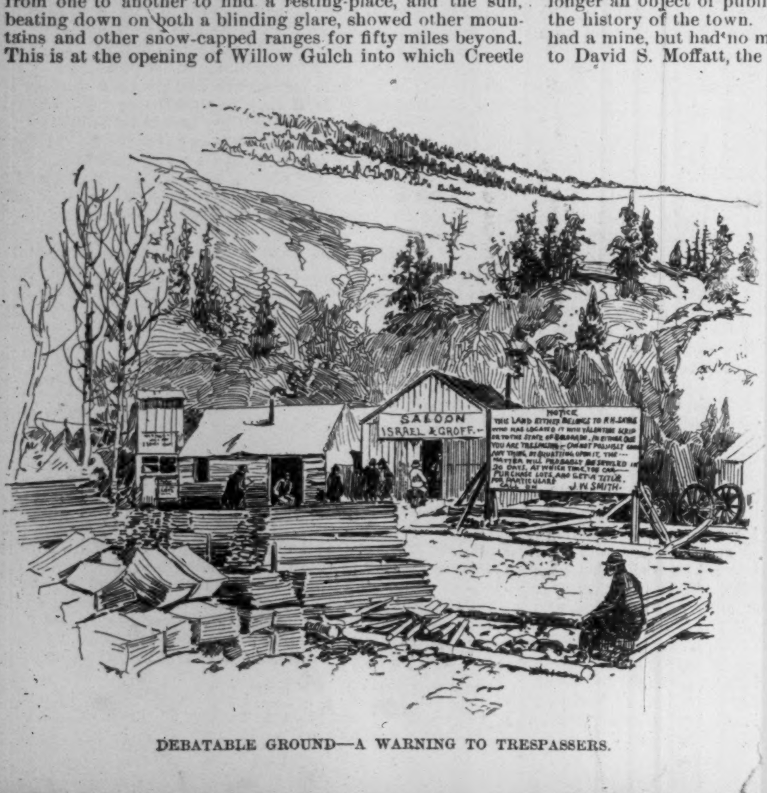
A colony of younger sons from the East took pity upon me, and gave me a bunk in their Grub Stake cabin, where I had the satisfaction of watching the son of a president of the Somerset Club light the fire with kerosene while the rest of us remained under the blankets and asked him to be careful. They were a most hospitable, cheerful lot. When it was so cold that the ice was frozen in the tin basin, they would elect to remain in bed all day, and would mark up the prices they intended to ask for their lots and claims one hundred dollars each; and then, considering this a fair day's wages for a hard day's work, would go warmly to sleep again. It is interesting, chiefly to mothers and sisters—for the fathers and brothers have an unsympathetic way of saying, "It is the best thing for him"—to discover how quickly such carefully bred youths as one constantly meets in the mining camps and ranches of the West can give up the comforts and habits of years and fit into their surroundings. It is instructive and hopeful to watch a young man who can and has ordered numerous dinners at Bignon's composing a dessert of bread and molasses, and to see how neatly a Yale graduate of one year's standing can sweep the mud from the cabin floor without spreading it. If people at home could watch these young exiles gorge themselves with their letters, a page at a time, and then go over them again word by word, they would write early and often; and if the numerous young women of New York and Boston could know that their photographs were the only bright spots in a log cabin filled with cartridge-belts, picks, saddles, football sweaters, patent-medicine bottles, and three-months-old magazines, they would be moved with great content.

One cannot always discern the true character of one's neighbors in the West. "Dress," as Bob Acres says, "does make a difference." There were four very rough-looking men of different ages sitting at a table near me in one of the restaurants or "eating-houses" of Creede. They had marked out a map on the soiled table-cloth with the point of an iron fork, and one of them was laying down the law concerning it. There seemed to be a dispute concerning the lines of the claim or the direction in which the vein ran. It was no business of mine, and there was so much of that talk that I should not have been attracted to them, except that I expected from their manner they might at any moment come to blows or begin shooting. I finished before they did, and as I passed the table over which they leaned scowling excitedly, the older man cried, with his finger on the map:

"Then Thompson passed the ball back to me—no, not your Thompson; Thompson of '79 I mean—and I carried it down the field all the way to the twenty-five-yard line. Then Canfield, who was playing full, tackled me; but I shook him off, and—"

I should like to have waited to hear whether or not he made his touch-down.

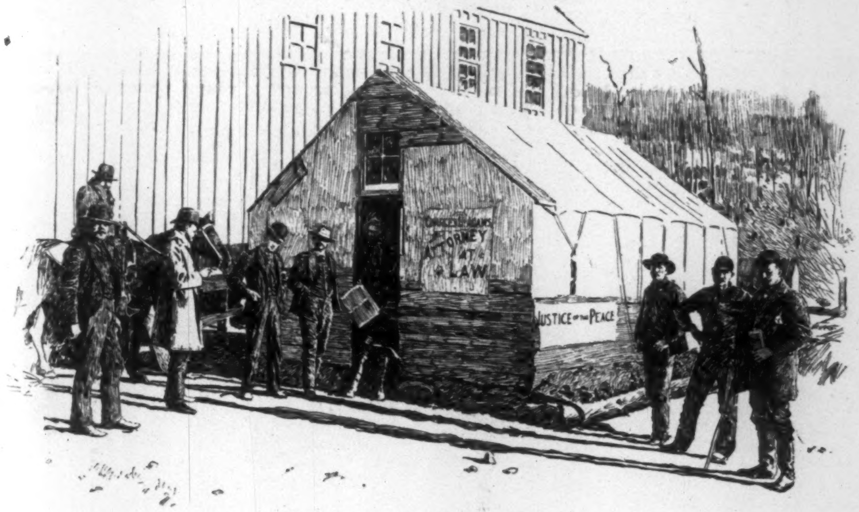
The shaft of the Last Chance Mine is at the top of the Bachelor Mountain, and one has to climb and slip for an hour and a half to reach it. A very nice Yale boy guided me there, and seemed as willing as myself to sit down in the snow every ten minutes and look at the scenery. But we saw much more of the scenery than of the mine, because there was more of it to see, and there was no general man-


SALOON
ISRAEL & GROFF.
NOTICE
THIS LAND EITHER BELONGS TO
WHO HAS LOCATED IT WITH VALENTINE SCRIP
OR TO THE STATE OF COLORADO. IN EITHER CASE
YOU ARE TRESPASSING
ANY THING BY SQUATTING UPON IT. THE
MATTER WILL PROBABLY BE SETTLED IN
30 DAYS. AT WHICH TIME YOU CAN
PURCHASE LOTS AND GET A TITLE.
FOR PARTICULARS
CALL ON J. W. SMITH.

DEBATABLE GROUND—A WARNING TO TRESPASSERS.

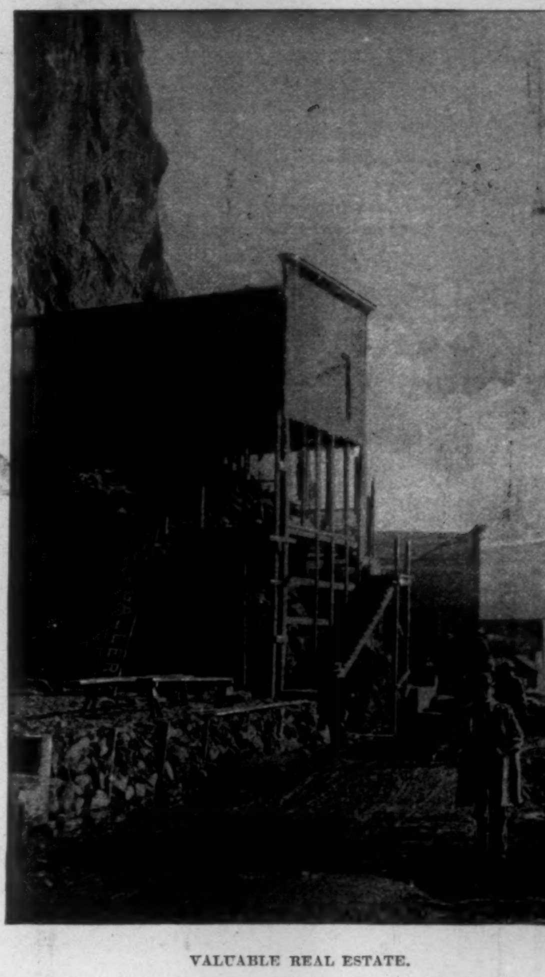
ager to prevent one looking as long as he liked. The trail led over fallen logs and up slippery rocks caked with ice and through drifts of snow higher than one's head, and the pines accompanied us all the way with branches bent to the mountain-side with the weight of the snow, and a cold, cheery mountain stream appeared and disappeared from under long bridges of ice and mocked at us for our slow progress. But we gave it a very close race coming down. Sometimes we walked in the cold, dark shadows of the pines, where hardly a ray of sunlight came, and again the trail would cross a landslide, and the wind brought strong odors of the pine and cold, icy blasts from the snow-capped ranges which stretched before us for fifty miles, and we could see Creede lying at our feet like a box of spilled jackstraws. Every now and then we met long lines of burros carrying five bags of ore each, with but twenty dollars' worth of silver scattered through each load, and we could hear the voice of the driver from far up above and the tinkle of the bell as they descended upon us. Sometimes they made way for us or halted timidly with curious patient eyes, and sometimes they shouldered us promptly backward into three feet of snow. It was a lonely, impressive journey, and the wonderful beauty and silence of the mountain made words impertinent. And, again, we would come upon a solitary prospector tapping at the great rock in front of him, and only stopping to dip his hot face and blistered hands into the snow about him, before he began driving the steel bar again with the help which hope gave him. His work but for this ingredient would seem futile, foolish, and impossible. Why, he would ask himself, should I work against this stone safe day after day only to bore a hole in its side as minute as a nail's point in the front of a house, and a thousand rods, probably, from where the hole should be? And then hope tells him that perhaps the very next stroke will make him a millionaire like Creede, and so he makes the next stroke, and the next, and the next.

If ever I own a silver mine, I am going to have it situated at the base of a mountain, and not at the top. I would not care to take that journey we made to the Chance every day. I would rather sit in the office below and read reports. After one gets there, the best has been seen; for the general manager of the Last Chance Mine, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and indeed all the employés, guarded their treasure with the most praiseworthy and faithful vigilance. It was evident that they were quietly determined among themselves to resist any attempt on the part of the Yale man and myself to carry away the shaft with us. We could have done so only over their dead bodies. The general manager confounded me with the editor of the *Saturday Night*, which he said he reads, and which certainly ought to account for several things. I expected to be led into a tunnel, and to be shown delicate veins of white silver running around the sides, which one could cut out with a penknife and make into scarf pins and watch guards. If not, where, then, do the nuggets come from that the young and disappointed lover sends as a wedding present to the woman who should have married him, when she marries some other man who has sensibly remained in the East—a present, indeed, which has always struck me as extremely economical, and much cheaper than standing lamps. But I saw no silver nuggets. One of the workmen showed us a hole in the side of the mountain which he assured us was the Last Chance Mine, and that out of this hole $180,000 came every month. He then handed us a piece of red stone and a piece of black stone, and said that when these two stones were found together silver was not far off. To one thirsting for a sight of the precious metal this was about as satisfying as being told that after the invitations had been sent out and the awning stretched over the sidewalk there was a chance of a dance in the neighborhood. I was also told that the veins lie between walls of porphyry and trachyte, but that there is not a distinctly marked difference, as the walls resemble each other closely. This may or may not be true, it is certainly not interesting, and I regret that I cannot satisfy the mining expert as to the formation of the mine, or whether or not the vein is a heavy galena running so much per cent. of lead or a dry silicious ore, or whether the ore bodies were north and south, and are or are not true fissures, and at what angle the contact or body veins cut these same fissures. All of this I would have ascertained had the general manager been more genial, but we cannot expect one man to combine the riches of Montezuma and the graces of Chesterfield. One is sure to destroy the other.



A MINING CAMP COURT-HOUSE.

The social life of Creede is much more interesting than outputs and ore values. There were several social functions while I was there which tend to show the happy spirit of the place. There was a prize-fight at Billy Woods', a pie-eating match at Kernan's, a Mexican circus in the bottom near Wagon Wheel Gap, a religious service at Watrous and Bannigan's gambling-house, and the first wedding in the history of the town. I was sorry to miss this last, especially as three prominent citizens misunderstanding the purpose of my visit to Creede, took the trouble to scour the mountain-side for me in order that I might photograph the wedding party in a group, which I should have been delighted to do. The bride was the sister of Billy Woods's bar-keeper, and "Stony" Sargeant, a faro-dealer at "Soapy" Smith's, was the groom. The Justice of the Peace, whose name I forget, performed the ceremony, and Edward De Vinne, the Tramp Poet, offered a few appropriate and well-chosen remarks, after which Woods and Smith, who run rival gambling-houses, outdid each other in the extravagant practice of "opening wine." All of these are prominent citizens, and the event is memorable. I met several of these prominent citizens while in Creede, and found them affable. Billy Woods fights, or used to fight, at 210 pounds, and rejoices in the fact that a New York paper once devoted five columns to his personality. His reputation saves him the expense of paying men to keep order. Bob Ford, who shot Jesse James, was another prominent citizen of my acquaintance. He does not look like a desperado, but has a loutish apologetic air, which is explained by the fact that he shot Jesse James in the back, when the latter was engaged in the innocent work of hanging a picture on the wall. Ford has never quite recovered from the fright he received when he found out who it was that he had killed. "Bat" Masterden was of an entirely different class. He dealt for Watrous, and has killed twenty-eight men, once three together. One night when he was off duty I saw a drunken man slap his face, and the silence was so great that we could hear the electric light sputter in the next room, but Masterden only laughed, and told the man to come back and do it again when he was sober. "Troublesome Tom" Cady acted as a capper for "Soapy" Smith, and played the shell game during the day. He was very grateful to me for teaching him a much superior method in which the game is played in the effete East. His master, "Soapy" Smith, was a very bad man indeed, and hired at least twelve men to lead the prospector with a little money or the tenderfoot who had just arrived up to the numerous tables in his gambling-saloon, where they were robbed in various ways and so openly that they deserved to lose all that was taken from them.



VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

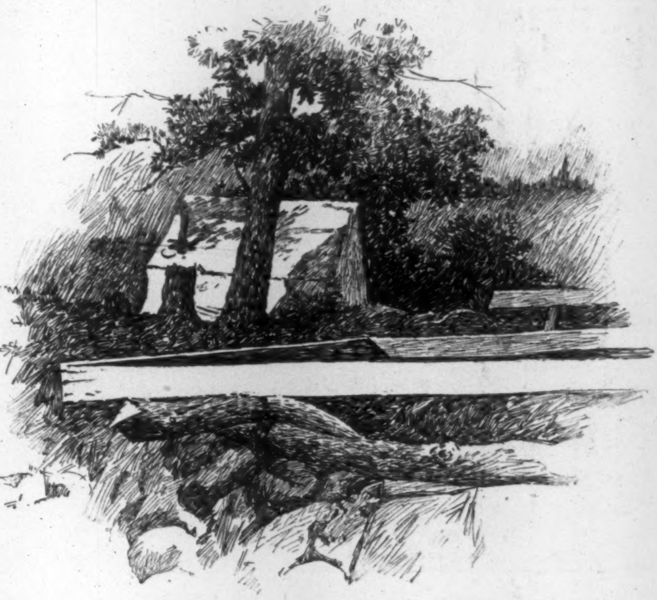
There were also some very good shots at Creede, and some very bad ones. Of these latter was Mr. James Powers, who emptied his revolver and Rab Brothers' store at the same time without doing any damage. He explained that he was crowded and wanted more room. The most delicate shooting was done by the Louisiana Kid—I don't know what his other name was—who was robbed in "Soapy" Smith's, and was put out when he expostulated. He waited patiently about until one of Smith's men named Farnham appeared, and then, being more intent on showing his skill than in killing Farnham, shot the thumb off his right hand as it rested on the trigger. Farnham shifted his pistol to his left hand, with which he shot equally well, but before he could fire the Kid shot the thumb off that hand too.

This is of course Creede at night. It is not at all a dangerous place, and the lawlessness is scattered and mild. There was only one street, and as no one cared to sit on the edge of a bunk in a cold room at night, the gambling-houses were crowded in consequence every evening. It was simply that there was nowhere else for them to go. The majority of the citizens used them as clubs, and walked from one to the other talking claims and corner lots, and dived down into their pockets for specimens of ore which they passed round for examination. Others went there to keep warm, and still others to sleep in the corner until they were put out. The play was never high. There was so much of it, though, that it looked very bad and wicked and rough, but it was quite harmless. There were no sudden oaths, or parting of the crowd, and pistol-shots or gleaming knives, or, at least, seldom. The women who frequented these places at night, in spite of their sombreros and flannel shirts and belts, were a most unpicturesque and unattractive element. They were neither dashing and bold, nor remorseful and repentant.

They gambled foolishly, and laughed when they won, and told the dealer he cheated when they lost. The men occasionally gave glimpses of what Bret Harte made dramatic and picturesque—the women, never. The most uncharacteristic thing of the place, and one which was Bret Hartish in every detail, was the service held in Watrous and Bannigan's gambling-saloon. The hall is a very long one with a saloon facing the street, and keno tables, and over a dozen other games in the gambling-room beyond. When the doors between the two rooms are held back they make a very large hall. A clergyman asked Watrous if he could have the use of the gambling-hall on Sunday night. The house was making about $300 an hour, and Watrous calculated that half an hour would be as much as he could afford towards the collection. He mounted a chair and said, "Boys, this gentleman wants to make a few remarks to you of a religious nature. All the games at that end of the hall will stop, and you want to keep still."

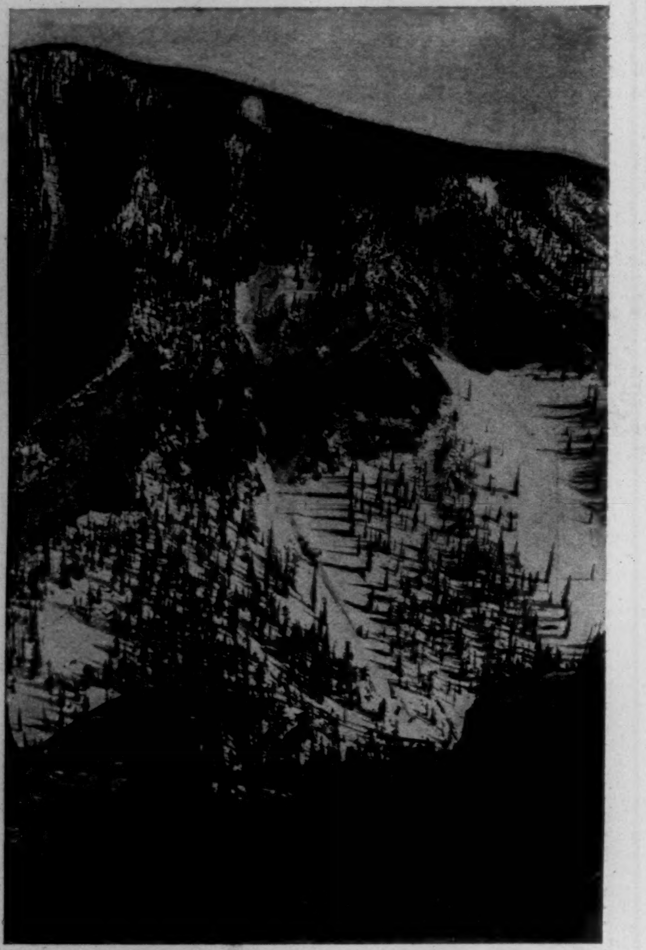
The clergyman stood on the platform of the keno outfit, and the greater part of the men took the seats around it, toying with the marking cards scattered over the table in front of them, while the men in the saloon crowded the doorway from the swinging-doors to the bar, and looked on with curious and amused faces. At the back of the room the roulette wheel clicked and the ball rolled. The men in this part of the room who were playing lowered their voices, but above the voice of the preacher one could hear the clinking of the silver and the chips, and the voice of the boy at the wheel calling, "seventeen and black, and twenty-eight and black again and—keep the ball rolling, gentlemen—and four and red." There is a stove in the middle of the hall and two electric lights; the men were crowded closely around this stove, and the lamps shone through the smoke on their tanned upturned faces and on the white excited face of the preacher above them. There was the most excellent order, and the collection was very large. I asked Watrous how much he lost by the interruption.

"Nothing," he said, quickly, anxious to avoid the appearance of good; "I got it all back at the bar."

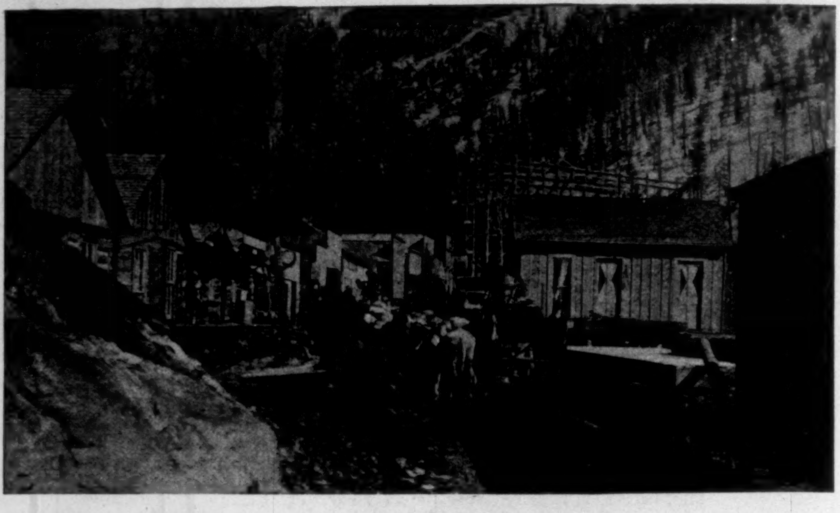


HOW LAND IS CLAIMED FOR BUILDING—PLANKS NAILED TOGETHER AND RESTING ON FOUR STUMPS.

Of the inner life of Creede I saw nothing; I mean the real business of the place—the speculation in real estate and in mines. Capitalists came every day, and were carried off up the mountains to look at a hole in the ground, and down again to see the assay tests of the ore taken from it. Prospectors scoured the sides of the mountains from sundawn to sunset, and at night their fires lit up the range, and their little heaps of stone and their single stick, with their name scrawled on it in pencil, made the mountains look like great burying-grounds. All of the land within two miles of Creede was claimed by these simple proofs of ownership—simple, yet as effectual as a parchment sealed and signed. When the snow has left the mountains, and these claims can be worked, it will be time enough to write the real history of the rise or fall of Creede.

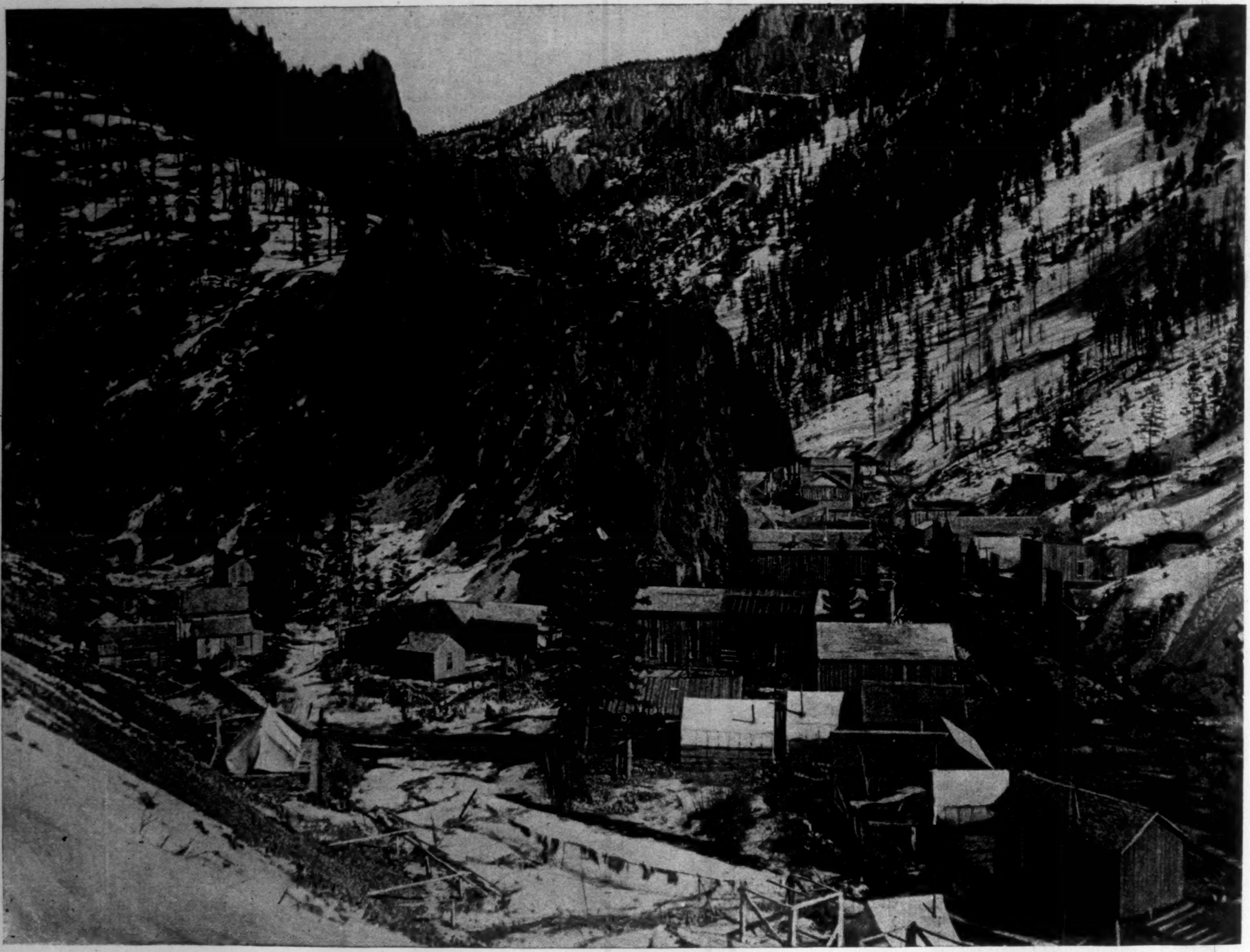


THE "HOLY MOSES" MINE.



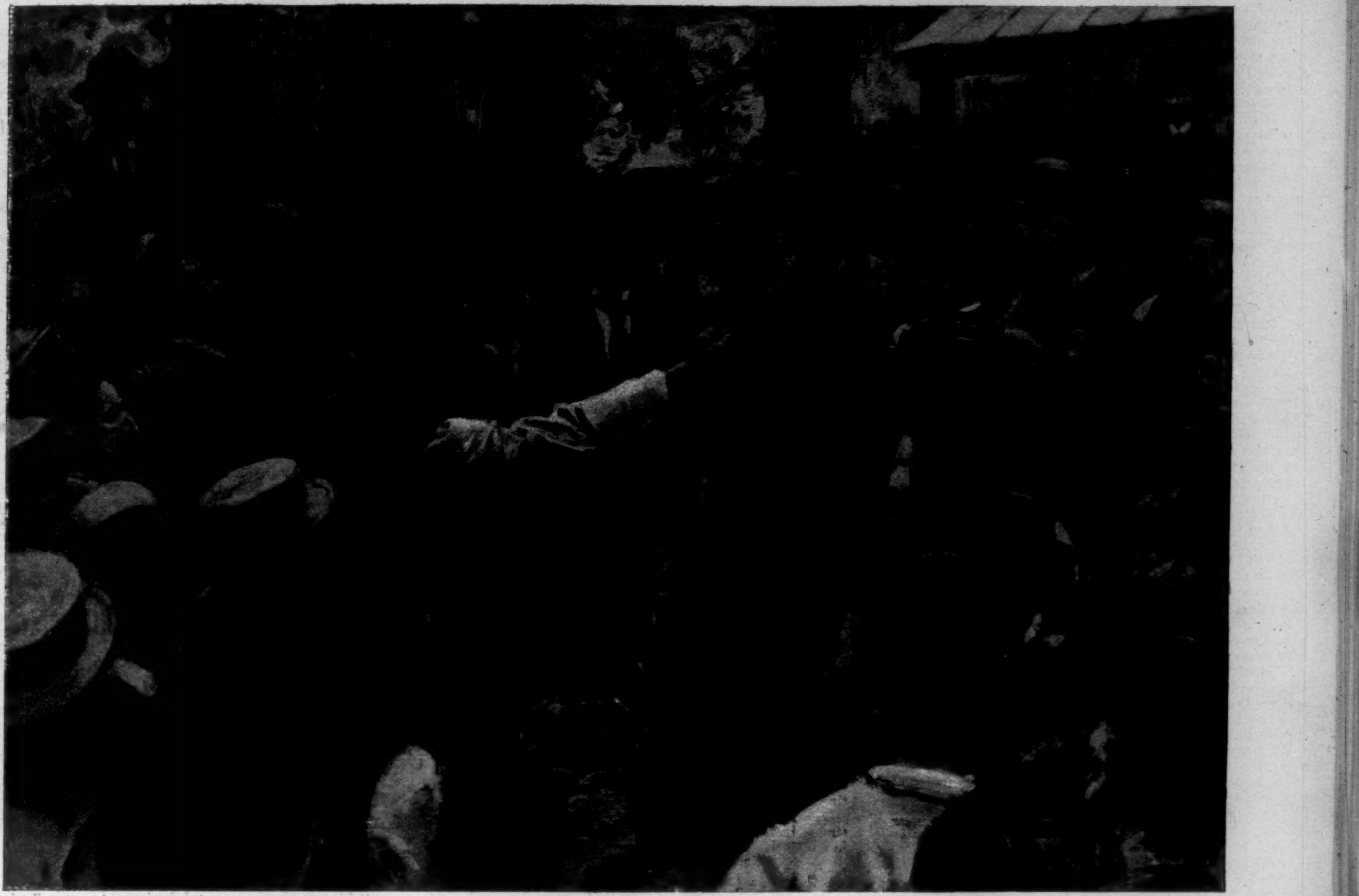
CREEDE.

SHAFT OF A MINE.



UPPER CREEDE.

THE NEW MINING CAMP, CREEDE, COLORADO.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson, Denver.—[See Page 341.]



A TRANSFERRED ROMANCE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I.

REGINALD THORNTON was an art student studying at the League to become great. He was thought by his fellow-students to show quite a deal of talent, and he believed very thoroughly in himself.

The Thorntons lived in one of those eminently respectable houses in the immediate neighborhood of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue—houses that show a certain dignity of age in having outside shutters to the upper windows, and little balconies with wrought-iron rails in front of those upon the lower floor. The family consisted of Mrs. Thornton, three sons—of whom Reginald was the youngest—and a daughter. The elder sons were busy down-town all day in the office—the Passaquak Woollen Company's office—and during the evening were usually occupied in the mysterious relaxations of younger New York masculinity. The daughter was chiefly occupied with social duties, the church, Sunday-school matters, and public charities. The two elder brothers laughed at Reginald; the sister was indifferent. Mrs. Thornton was the only one, as Reginald expressed it, at all in key with him.

He had a studio at home. It was one of the third-story back rooms, and it had two windows—north "lights," he called them—overlooking tin roofs and back yards at the rear of the house. It was furnished with a certain barren suggestiveness—a spinning-wheel in one corner, bits and tags of draperies hung over chair backs and tables, an old straw bonnet stuck upon the top of the easel, odds and ends of some supposed decorative quality hung up here and there, and everywhere pencil drawings from the Sketch Class, and studies from the life of ugly men and women. Every Saturday morning some dozen or so of his young fledgling artist friends, male and female, would gather at this studio; they called themselves "The Sketch Club," and made pen and pencil drawings of one another, each taking a turn at posing. They talked art talk while working, breezily criticising Meissonier and Gérôme. They also talked literature a great deal, and music; for Reginald was of a musical turn and had a violin, which he called a Cremona, and from which, when, as he expressed it, the mood was upon him, he drew whining wails that percolated faint and shrill from the studio down through the dark, gloomy respectability of the lower part of the house.

At last Reginald Thornton painted a picture. His cousin Augusta posed for it, and he worked in the background from the library fireplace.

The picture represented a young girl leaning with one arm upon a mantel-shelf, and half looking at her reflection in the mirror above. She held a newly opened letter in her hand, and Regy frankly confessed that Millais's "Yes or No" had suggested the subject to him, though, as he observed, the pose was entirely different and quite original with himself. He himself felt that the reflection in the looking-glass was especially happy; he often called his mother's attention to it, and she never failed to like it almost as much as he did.

Then he sent his picture to the Academy, and by-and-by it came home again.

Perhaps it was one of the bitterest disappointments of his life when his picture was rejected by the hanging committee, for it seemed to him that it was very good. For a while life had no joy for him, then by-and-by the wound that the hanging committee administered ceased to smart, and at last a reaction set in, and he began to doubt, after all, that his picture was quite as good as he had at first thought it.

One day when his mother was in the studio he opened his mind frankly to her upon the subject.

"Mother," said he, "do you know I really begin to think that maybe the picture is not so good as we thought at first. It seems to me that the left eye is a little out of drawing, and the cheek is a trifle tinny. The hair there at the side of the face is slightly harsh, and wiry too."

His mother looked reflectively at the picture for a while; frankness begets frankness. "Well, Regy," said she at last, "I always did think the mouth looked as if she had been eating blackberry jam."

"Oh, I don't feel that," said Reginald, quickly, not to say sharply, for he did not like the criticism—"I don't feel there is anything wrong about the mouth; you see, my object was to make the lips ripe and sensuous-looking."

He stood looking at the picture for a long time, with his head first on one side and then on the other, now hiding this part of the painting with his thumb before his eyes, and now that part. The lips did look very red.

"Do you know what I have been thinking, mother?" said he at last.

"No. What?"

"I think I'll go down to Passaquak, and stay a week at Uncle Joe's, and study from Nature. You see, mother, there's too much of this Academical work. All the fellows go to Paris, and then they come back and paint schooly pictures just like their masters. But, after all, mother, Nature is the true source of all art. Just look at Corot, Millet, Dupré, and those fellows. Every year they used to go down to Barbazon, and live right there in the midst of Nature, and study her just as they found her. They don't show any technique in their work, you know, but they're just immense because they're so full of the feeling of Nature. I know very well I have talent; the fellows at the League all tell me so, and that picture shows it [at this point his mother nodded her head in acquiescence], and I begin to feel that if I could only get down to Nature, I might do something big. I know I've got it in me to do something not commonplace anyhow; so perhaps if I'd go down to Uncle Joe's for a month and get right down to Nature, I might get a grip of things."

"I don't know," said his mother, doubtfully; "your uncle Joe doesn't care for art, Regy. He thinks you ought to go into the office as Ben and Algy have done. I don't know what he'd think of your going down to Passaquak to paint things."

"Oh, I don't care for that," said Regy. "Barye, Millet, and Corot, and lots of those fellows, had harder times fighting Philistinism than anything else, and if I have anything in me it's got to come out, in spite of Uncle Joe."

So Regy went down to Passaquak and to Uncle Joe's to study Nature.

II.

Passaquak was really a very picturesque place. The stream itself was rocky and brawling, here and there churning and foaming whitely over the black stones, and here and there spreading out into little reaches of glassy smoothness. The woollen mills, three in number—huge stone or brick structures—stood along the banks of the stream, and the houses built by the company for their employés made quite a little town.

Uncle Joe's house stood at the top of the hill overlooking the mills and the village below. It was the original "mansion" built by old Jesse Thornton during the early part of the present century—a big, square, stuccoed house, painted yellow, with high wooden Corinthian columns in front painted white, and a broad dark hallway running directly through from front to rear. It was not beautiful, but it possessed from a distance a certain air of quality and gentility of a distinctly American sort.

The Thorntons had made woollen stuffs at Passaquak for three generations, and the family took not a little pride in the fact; as Uncle Joe was fond of saying, the Thorntons were "all wool."

The result of the studies from Nature were not all that Reginald had expected them to be, or that he could have desired. He began a study the very next morning after he came. For a while he worked with laborious steadfastness, using the palette-knife freely, just as Corot is said to have done. All the warm air [illegible]led with the multitudinous hum of life from the wo[illegible]d clearing, and through all the softer sounds of Natu[illegible] growled the distant grumbling jar of the mills.

For a while the murmuring stillness was, in a way, very delightful, and Reginald made himself feel that he thoroughly enjoyed it, that he was in key with it. But by-and-by he grew lonesome, and the quiet solitude heavily tiresome. Presently he laid aside his palette and brushes, and lit a cigarette behind a willow-tree, and when he came back to his study again after the momentary break, his work looked crude and dauby, and he felt very tired of it. The reflections in the water were not right, and the foliage was a smeary mass. It struck him that he might have done better if he had chosen his view from the other side of the creek, and then he packed up his things and went home.

His aunt and cousin insisted upon seeing the result of his morning's labor, and were very evidently disappointed.

"You see," said Regy, "I didn't feel in key this morning, somehow."

"It looks awfully smeary," said Miss Thornton.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Regy, quickly. "It looks that way because it is so sketchy, you know. All snappy sketches look like that. I can work it up all right at home, and make a good thing out of it," he added.

"But that white road looks so funny coming down under the trees," said his aunt.

"Road!" said Regy. "That isn't a road. That's water running over the stones."

The next day he started another sketch from the other side of the creek. He came home even earlier this time than on the day before.

He did not show his work to his aunt and cousin, and it was a relief to him that they did not ask to see it. He spent the afternoon in frank idleness, lying in the hammock and reading, but he did not enjoy himself, for he felt very uncomfortable; as though he were neglecting a duty, or were wasting a valuable opportunity.

"Do you know, Aunt Mary," said he, that evening, "I have a new idea. It seems to me that if I could only get some one for a model up here—dress her in a short-waisted dress, you know, and a straw bonnet I have at home—I might make a careful painting of her, and then work in the background right from Nature. I thought of a splendid idea while I was lying in the hammock awhile ago. A girl with a sad face standing beside a smooth bit of water, with an old-fashioned hair trunk beside her. I'd have for the title, 'Waiting for the Ferryman.' See? The whole thing would tell its story at once. If I get the costume from home, won't you pose for me, Sue?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said his cousin, laughing and blushing a little.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I never did such a thing, and it seems so foolish, you know."

"Oh no, it doesn't," said Regy. "We have a Sketch Club at home, and every other Saturday the girls pose for the fellows. They don't think anything of it, and this is just the same thing. Of course I wouldn't make it a portrait."

"Oh, I couldn't do it for anything," said Miss Thornton, reverting to her first stand.

"I don't see why," said Regy, testily. "There is no reason why you shouldn't."

A few moments of silence followed.

"Mother," said Miss Thornton, suddenly, "if he could only get Hetty Donnelly to sit for him. She would be the very one for a model, wouldn't she?" Then to Regy: "She lives down in the village. Her mother is the postmistress, and she is the prettiest girl I ever saw."

Regy was interested at once. "Do you think she would pose for me if I paid her for it?" said he. "I'll give her fifty cents an hour."

"I don't know whether her mother will let her do it," said Miss Thonton; "but I'll go down and see her this evening, and maybe I can talk her into it." And so it was that she laid the foundations of the romance that was afterwards transferred.

Regy went that evening with his cousin to Mrs. Donnelly's store, for the good woman eked out the business of the United States postal service by selling stays, laces, shoestrings, and what not of the feminine belongings. He stood in the doorway smoking a cigarette, leaving his cousin to conduct the burden of the negotiations. It took a great deal of talk to make Mrs. Donnelly understand just what was wanted, and perhaps, after all had been fully explained, she was not entirely enlightened. However, she did grasp the fact that the young gentleman wanted to take Hetty's picture, that it would take two or three days to do so, and that Hetty was to have fifty cents an hour while the picture was being done. She allowed that she herself didn't see no harm in it, and if Hetty was willin', why, she was willin' too. Hetty was up to the drug-store, and maybe they'd better see her themselves.

They met the girl on the way home. Her face was hidden under the shadow of a hideous calico sun-bonnet, but Regy could see that she was very pretty. Miss Thornton talked and she listened, standing with a certain half-awkward, half-resentful ease. She did not look at Regy, but she did not seem at all embarrassed, and answered the young lady with a certain straightforward, practical directness, speaking somewhat through her nose, and now and then slipping into *lapsus linguæ* of double negatives and a confusion of tenses. If her mother was willing for her to come, she'd just as lief come as not. She'd never had her picture took that way, and she didn't know nothing about it, but she guessed she could do what anybody else could do.

So Regy wrote home for the short-waisted dress and the straw poke-bonnet; an extempore studio was fitted up in one of the third-story back rooms. Then one morning Hetty came to pose.

Miss Thornton staid in the studio during the sittings for propriety sake. The first hour Hetty was very constrained and silent; she was awkward and abashed in the outlandish dress, and yes or no was all the speech that she would venture. The second hour she began to look about her and to observe her surroundings. The third hour she relapsed into some show of ease. By the middle of the next morning she talked volubly and fluently. Regy chaffed her, and the acquaintance might be said to have fairly developed into a certain intimacy.

III.

It may be not altogether easy to make it exactly understood how Reginald Thornton came to go to the Fourth of July picnic at May's Park.

It was during the third day of posing that Hetty first talked of the picnic, and that Regy first heard of it. Hetty had wanted to go, but ma[illegible]th a lingering upon the nasal wouldn't let her. Mister Jack Kelly had ast to take her, but her maā wouldn't let her go. There wasn't no harm in the picnic, either. May's Park had a bad name because sometimes the firemen came out from town and had their picnics there. They were pretty hard cases, and sometimes drank and got into a row and fought, and that gave the park a bad name. She guessed that was why her māā wouldn't let her go. But she didn't go with that kind of a crowd. The fellows she knew acted like gentlemen. All the other girls were going to the picnic, and there were to be two policemen present to keep order. Besides that, the owners of the park had given it out that no beer or liquor of any sort was to be sold at the bar.

Regy laughed heartily; it was very funny—the two policemen acting as masters of ceremony, and the curtailing of the refreshments. Hetty turned her head from her posing, and looked uncertainly at him.

Presently she said, sharply, "I don't see what there is to laugh at."

Such was the picnic at May's Park, and at that time if the thought had entered Regy's head, he would have said that it would be the most improbable thing in the world for him to go to it with Hetty Donnelly.

On the 3d of July, Regy walked down to the village with his model, as he had already done upon more than one occasion to get his mail.

It is hard to say what evil spirit of mischief put the thought into his head, but—"Look here, Hetty," said he, suddenly, "suppose I should ask your mother to let you go with me to the picnic, do you think she'd do it?"

"I know she would," said Hetty, positively.

Regy felt a sudden mean but pleasant tickle of vanity inside of him. "Would she?" said he. And then, the nagging spirit of mischief urging him another step, "Are you sure she would?"

"Yes, I am."

"And if I asked her, and she said yes, would you go with me?"

Hetty looked up quickly. "Are you in earnest?" she said.

Regy hesitated an instant. "Why shouldn't I be in earnest?" he said, lingering, with a sort of pleasure upon the unwholesome flavor of the thought.

"I don't know; but I don't believe you are in earnest."

"What's the reason you don't? Would you like me to take you, Hetty?"

"Yes, I would."

"Very well; then—well, then, I'll ask your mother to let you go."

What made him say the words he never could tell, but that was how it happened. It was all done in a flash. Then, in another flash, he realized what he had done, and to what he had committed himself, and would have given—how much would he not have given to be able to recall his words! But they were spoken and he was pledged, for he had not the courage to confess honestly that he had spoken hastily, and that he had made a mistake.

He walked the rest of the way to the store in silence, now wishing that he had held his tongue, and now hoping that Mrs. Donnelly would refuse to let Hetty go. But the good woman did not refuse; she gave her consent readily and volubly, and it seemed to Regy that her bearing toward him changed almost immediately to one of less respect and more easy familiarity. She told him that if he wanted to go with the other folks there were to be two extra cars on the 9.30 train for May's Park, and that special tickets at reduced rates were to be had up to the drug-store.

"I ain't going that way," said Regy, shortly.

That night he asked Uncle Joe to let him have the horse and buggy for the next day, and Uncle Joe consented gruffly, without making any inquiries as to his plans. He did not like Regy, and Regy did not like him.

IV.

After all, Regy enjoyed himself at the picnic after a certain fashion. At first he felt horribly afraid lest somebody should see him; but by-and-by that wore off and he began to enjoy himself. It tickled a certain sneaking vanity to see how the girls fluttered and twittered at his occasional attentions. They made a pretence of laughing behind his back with the young men of their kind, but before his face they fluttered and twittered.

There were episodes that were unpleasant. Once, for instance, as he promenaded with a partner, flushed and moist, in the interval of the waltz he heard the following masculine dialogue evidently intended for his hearing; they were apparently young men from the town:

A. "Do you know who that is?"
B. "No."
A. "What! you don't?"
B. "No."
A. "Why, he's the Prince of Wales."

One or two episodes of this kind were very unpleasant, but the girls danced well, and Regy, upon the whole, enjoyed himself.

But, without knowing it, he was dancing upon a very thin crust. By-and-by that crust cracked, and then in an instant Regy was floundering in a seething sea of trouble.

Jack Kelly was at the picnic also. He was the young man who had asked leave for Hetty to go to May's Park, and to whom Mrs. Donnelly had answered no. He was a machinist, an employé in the Passaquak Mills, and he had been, as it was phrased in the village, keeping company with Hetty Donnelly for about a year. He was some three or four years older than Regy, who in days past had known him well. He was then a goodish boy, and during Regy's occasional childhood visits to Passaquak he had been allowed to play with Jack Kelly in lieu of other companions of his own sex. Together they had roamed the woods and fields, and the boyhood intimacy had been very warm. Of late years it had cooled, as is usually the case with such intimacies, and Jack had become merely a reminiscence.

When Mrs. Donnelly had said that Hetty should not go to this picnic, Jack had yielded an acquiescence—somewhat sullen, perhaps, but an acquiescence. Then one of the girls of the village had told him that Hetty was going, after all, and with Regy Thornton, and Jack was very angry. If Hetty had gone with him to May's Park, Jack would, without doubt, have remained as sober as a judge; as it was, he was drunk, just drunk enough to turn his ordinary good humor into an ugly lowering sullenness. For, in spite of the restrictions upon the sale of beer and liquor, there had been more than one flat brown glass bottle of a disreputable sort brought to the picnic by some of the men, and Jack, to revenge himself upon Hetty, had drunk freely and deeply.

All the morning he had lingered broodingly in Hetty's vicinity, sullen, gloomy, lowering, silent, the devil drumming at his heart. At last, in one of the pauses of the music, he sidled up towards the bench where the girl sat.

"Well, Hetty, I see you've come out with your new beau," said he. And his breath smelt heavy and fetid with the liquor.

"I don't know what you mean, *Mr.* Kelly," answered Hetty, with an emphasis on the mister.

"I wasn't good enough to bring you, was I?" said he.

Hetty's temper blazed up like fire. "No, you wasn't," said she, sharply.

Jack Kelly lowered at her with tipsy gloominess, but he could think of no sufficient answer. "I am as good as he is, and a —— sight better," was all he could find to say.

"No, you ain't," said Hetty, still more sharply; "for he knows how to behave himself, and you don't."

"Oh, I don't?" he answered.

There was something almost pathetic in the poor fellow's inability to answer the girl. He stood scowling truculently, with a heart more bitter than ever in his powerlessness. The music had struck up "The Blue Danube" waltz, and Hetty, with an only half ably assumed unconsciousness, was beating time with one foot.

Now, as luck would have it, Regy was to dance that particular waltz with her, and he came forward just as this one-sided duel had reached its termination.

"I beg pardon, Miss Donnelly," said he, with what Addison would have termed a prodigious air, "but I believe I am to have the pleasure of this dance." He crowded in front of Jack Kelly as he spoke, perhaps unconsciously thrusting him aside.

Suddenly, in a flash, the other's brooding rage burst forth into a blaze. In that moment the devil no longer beat at his heart, for the door was flung open wide, and the Prince of Evil rushed in, flaming hot. In an instant Regy felt himself whirled backward and around, and there stood Jack Kelly facing him, livid with gnashing fury.

V.

Even in the first shock of the sudden attack Regy recognized his opponent with a quick rush of profound relief. After all, it was only Jack Kelly.

"Look here, Jack," said he, angrily, "what are you about? Don't you pull me around that way any more." Then looking more closely at him, "Why, you're drunk!" he exclaimed.

"—— you!" screamed Jack Kelly, in the almost breathless hoarseness of his passion. And then again, "—— you!"

Then for the first time a horrible fear began to take possession of Regy. "Look here, Jack," said he, appeasingly, "don't you make a fool of yourself. You're drunk. You know me, Jack."

"—— —— you!" cried Jack Kelly, in the same high-pitched hoarseness of mad passion. "I'll knock the —— —— head off of you!"

As he spoke he tore off his coat, and threw down his hat with a dreadful readiness.

Then, in an instant, in a flash, Regy saw that Nemesis had come, and he felt his soul melt within at the imminence of the dreadful thing that was coming upon him. He was horribly frightened. His knees seemed to grow suddenly weak, and he knew the blood left his cheeks. He looked about him like one in a nightmare, and he saw that a horrid circle hemmed him in. Almost instantly, upon the first outburst of the disturbance, a crowd had gathered around the two, those on the outskirts standing upon the benches around. Regy saw, as in a dream, the faces of the men, some laughing, all interested; he saw the girls clustering in fear, like a flock of sheep in a thunder-storm, and poor Hetty Donnelly white as death. All had passed in a second or two, but it seemed to him a long time.

"Let me go," cried he, panting. "I don't want to fight."

A roar of laughter arose in answer. Then he saw that two men had pushed through the crowd, and were now holding Jack Kelly, soothing him, arguing, expostulating with him. They were mill hands, and Regy knew them both. Nemesis had passed him by.

"I don't care a ——!" cried Jack, hoarsely, trying to fling off the two who held him. "He sha'n't walk over me. Let me go, Jimmy!" And he writhed and struggled in his efforts to break away.

Those efforts were seconded by the crowd who stood around. "Let him go! Let him go!" the crowd yelled. "That's right, Jack, go for him! Knock the head off of him!"

Then one of the two policemen appeared on the scene; but he seemed to think the pacific course the best. "You had better get out of this," said he to Regy; and Regy, in his horror of the dreadful scene, was grateful even for such humiliating countenance.

"All right," said he. "I don't want to stay." And then, with a poor, half-hearted, tattered remnant of courage, "I'm not afraid of him, you know, but I don't want to get into any beastly row."

The policeman helped him and Hetty into the buggy, and then they drove away, with a final vision of Jack Kelly gesticulating with a flat brown glass bottle in his hand, and a crowd of surrounding men's faces listening to him, and encouraging him with laughing approval.

VI.

Regy drove in grim silence down the long lane that led from the picnic-grounds through two rows of gaunt, spindly trees to the bright stretch of turnpike that lay white and dusty in the glare of the sunlight beyond. His face was still pale, and his soul within him was still tossed by the tempest of emotions through which he had passed—shame, mortification, and a bitter numb disgust of himself, of the world, of everything. If he had only knocked Jack Kelly down—if he had only done something. But what a pitiful coward he had been in the turmoil of his thoughts! He did not think of Hetty Donnelly, and it was not until they had fairly come out into the high-road that he saw she was sobbing and crying vehemently. Just then a four-horse 'bus came rumbling from the town, fetching a shouting re-enforcement of men and women to the picnic.

Then he aroused himself, and catching her by the arm, "For Heaven's sake, Hetty, control yourself!" he said, huskily.

Hetty bowed her head and hid her face as the 'bus passed in a swirling eddy of dust, and amid the boisterous shouts of the passengers.

The momentary break of that passing had somehow stilled the tumult of Regy's own selfish passions, and he began to give more thought to the poor terrified girl beside him. "What makes you cry now, Hetty?" said he, after a while.

"Oh, I'm so frightened!" cried she, hysterically. "Jack Kelly's an awful fighter when he gets started. I was afraid he was going to lick you."

Regy felt very warm, even tender, toward Hetty just then. The storm of emotion through which they had passed had swept away every distinction of quality and kind. He only saw in her his friend and his companion in the trouble through which they had come. "Never mind, Hetty," said he, taking her hand; "it's all over and gone."

Hetty could not answer. She only shook her head, and another brief silence followed. If anything, her tears came faster than ever.

"Why do you cry," said he at last, and then he added, "dear?"

Then the girl looked up, her eyes flooding and swimming in the bright tear drops, her hair dishevelled, and her cheeks flushed. "I don't know," said she, almost desperately; "I can't help it."

The heat of passions through which he had passed had left Regy's heart soft to receive any new emotion. They were passing just at that time through a little belt of woodland; the road before them was straight and bare; not a living soul was in sight. Regy put his arm around the girl, and drew her to him. She resisted for an instant; then yielded, and, hardly knowing what he did, and, as in a dream, he drew her close, and bending his head, kissed her lips.

It was four miles to Passaquak, but whether it took a long or a short time to travel that four miles, or how it was travelled, or whom they met, or what happened, Regy never knew. It was all like some bewildering vision, some strange golden unreality. But at last they stopped in front of the widow Donnelly's house, and Regy helped the girl from the carriage. He pressed her hand, and they gave one another a long lingering look, and then she went into the house.

The door shut, and then Regy awoke from his dream almost with a shock. The waking was not full and complete at first. As with the real dream, filaments and shreds of the vision still clung to his newly awakened consciousness. But as he drove slowly up the steep hilly road to the house those filaments one by one broke, faded, dissolved into reality, and with a thrill of horrible certainty he realized what he had done—that he had made love to Hetty Donnelly, that he had forced from her the confession that she loved him, and that he had pledged himself—to what? Even to his own soul he could not confess just to what it was he had pledged himself.

All that long sultry afternoon he lay in a hammock, and it was, perhaps, the most unhappy half-day of his life.

The next morning Hetty was to resume her posing. As the time drew near, Regy's heart beat tumultuously, and he wondered if she would come. The girl had no other thought. At nine o'clock she presented herself as usual. Miss Thornton was present, and no words were exchanged; but in the long lingering look that passed between him and Hetty—just such a look as had passed when they parted the day before—he felt his heart thrill keenly with an echo of yesterday's passion. He walked down home with her after the sitting was ended, and if he had any lingering doubts as to what it was he had committed himself, they were ended in that short walk.

That night he wrote a letter to his mother, setting forth the whole affair in the best and most romantic light, and concluding with a declaration that, after mature and heartfelt deliberation, he had to marry Hetty Donnelly.

VII.

Regy's letter fell upon his mother like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky; the poor lady could neither eat her lunch nor take her nap in the afternoon. Her first instinct was to fly to Beatrice; her second was to cover poor Regy's shame under the wing of motherly silence. He was her youngest, her darling, and she could not bear to expose the heartache that he had given her to the callous eyes of her other children.

At three o'clock she got into a cab, and drove down town to the law offices of Rushford, Simpson, & Rushford, to see Dan Rushford.

The late Daniel Rushford had been for many years Mr. Thornton's attorney and intimate confidential adviser, and now his son Dan—Daniel Rushford, Jun., as he still took pride in signing his name—occupied much the same position in the affairs of the family. He called Mrs. Thornton, Aunt Jane; and Beatrice and the three sons had always known him as Dan or Cousin Dan.

Daniel Rushford, Jun., was one of that class of younger men such as only the forcing-house of New York life can develop—phenomenally cool-headed, phenomenally capable, phenomenally brilliant. He was nominally the junior member of the law firm, but he already loomed head and shoulders above old Benjamin Simpson, the senior. Daniel Rushford, the father, had stood well to the front among the great lawyers of New York; but that position he had gained only through forty years of steadfast laboriousness; the son seemed likely to reach it at a single rush, for already he stood almost in his father's place. For several years of his younger manhood he had lived a sort of disnationalized life with other disnationalized Americans in London, in Paris, in Italy.

During this period he had inclined toward literature, and had written and published two novels—or rather novelettes—both of which attracted considerable attention at the time. One concerning the love affairs of a semi-disnationalized American girl; the other concerning a Michigan man and an Italian duchess. Then he had come home and settled down to law. He was, first of all, a man of the world; he was a society man after a certain fashion; he was a great reader, a collector of rare books, a favorite after-dinner speaker, and the President of the Metropolitan Club.

Mrs. Thornton was shown directly into his private office. Rushford swung around on his office chair from a paper over which he was poring, showing a corrugated forehead and an absent, far-away look in his eyes. Then instantly the forehead smoothed, and the look gave way to one of hearty recognition.

"Sit down, Aunt Jane, sit down," he exclaimed, rising and placing a chair for her; and then, seeing the aching trouble in her face: "What is it? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh, Dan, it is Regy," said the poor mother, feeling in her reticule for her handkerchief. "He has got himself into an awful scrape."

Instead of her handkerchief she found the letter which Regy had written the day before. She handed it to Rushford, who opened it, and began reading without a word. His smooth forehead gradually knit itself into a hard look as he went from the bottom of one page to the top of another—there were eight sheets in all—and then he folded it, and thrust it viciously back into the stamped envelope.

He was too angry and disgusted at first to trust himself to speak, and when at last he did break the silence, his words were not soothing.

"I can't help saying it, Aunt Jane," he said, as he tossed the envelope upon the desk, "but Regy is a confounded fool!"

Mrs. Thornton did not make any answer, and when Rushford looked at her, he saw that she had found her handkerchief, and was crying.

Now if there was any one thing that Rushford could not bear, it was to see a woman in tears. He frankly recognized it as a weakness, but at the same time entertained it with a bit of pride. He acknowledged, almost boastfully, that it laid him helplessly open to female beggars and itinerant lady book-venders. So now Mrs. Thornton's tears upset him, as he expressed it, completely.

"There, there, Aunt Jane!" he exclaimed, hastily; "don't cry. Very likely it is not so bad as you think it is." He pushed back his chair, and, rising, went to the great square window, where he stood looking down upon the turmoil of Broadway, and the railroad case he was engaged upon edged its way gradually back into his mind again. But at last, arousing himself with a mental shake, "Why don't you go to Ben and Algy, and talk to them about this business?" said he, almost resentfully.

"Oh, Dan," said Mrs. Thornton, with the thickness of tears in her voice; "they don't understand Regy. They haven't any patience with him."

"Well, I do not know that I feel very patient with him myself," said Rushford.

"Yes, I know; but you're always so kind."

Rushford gave a grunt in his throat, and then for a little while nothing was heard but the dull monotonous roaring of Broadway. When he turned round, he saw the tears were even yet trickling down Mrs. Thornton's face, and at the sight whatever hardness he still felt instantly dissolved.

"Look here, Aunt Jane," said he; "don't you cry any more. I am head over heels in this railroad case just now, but I can turn it over to Mr. Simpson for a couple of days, and I will run down to Passaquak, and see what can be done."

"Oh, Dan," said Mrs. Thornton, "you are so kind! I knew you'd help me;" and she began pouring out a flood of thanks that Rushford had some trouble in stemming.

That evening, sending a telegram by way of a forerunner, he took the five-o'clock train down to Passaquak.

VIII.

It was dark when he stepped out of the carriage that brought him over from the station. Uncle Joe Thornton came running down the broad steps of the pillared piazza to meet him, giving him a hearty and vigorous welcome, for the old man was just as fond of Rushford as he was contemptuous of poor Regy. Mrs. and Miss Thornton stood upon the piazza also smiling a welcome, and poor Regy lounged in the doorway with the hall light behind him, his hands in his pockets, and an assumption of ease in his bearing to which the tumult in his heart gave the lie. His heart told him that there could only be one reason for Rushford's coming to Passaquak in such quick answer to the letter he had sent home.

"Hollo, Regy!" said Rushford, nodding to him as he passed into the house, "I want to see you on a matter of business by-and-by." Poor Regy had expected nothing else, nevertheless his heart crumbled away within him at the prospect of the coming interview. Rushford, as he had pondered the matter coming down in the train, had concluded to take Uncle Joe into his confidence. He did so as he ate the late supper that had been spread for him, and the old man listened to the end, making no further comment than to observe that it was no more than was to be expected of Regy, and that the devil was to pay in it all.

Rushford laughed. "There is plenty of floating currency for that," he said, "without drawing upon the family bank. As for Regy, I think I can manage him if you will let me go about it my own way."

"All right," said Uncle Joe. "Fire away, my boy; so far as I'm concerned, I don't want a finger in the business."

And so Rushford was left to manage the case himself.

Regy was alone upon the porch when he came out. The boy had, with a certain grim determination not entirely discreditable to him, determined to face the matter out with the family friend as soon as possible.

"Have a cigar, Regy?" said Rushford, opening his case.

Regy took one, and as their fingers met, Rushford noticed how cold and clammy were the lad's hands with high-keyed nervousness. They smoked for a while in silence, Regy with his chair tilted back and his feet cocked upon the rail with an almost pathetic assumption of indifference.

"Well, Regy," said Rushford, at last breaking the humming silence that rang in the lad's ears, "can you guess what I have come down here for?"

Regy braced himself for one supreme effort. "I expect it's about Hetty," he croaked.

Rushford allowed a second or two to intervene. "Hetty?" he said, thoughtfully. "I do not think that I understand you. It is about your Academy picture—the one that was not hung, you know. Mr. John Doe"—said he, adopting a legal fiction—"Mr. John Doe has made an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars for it. But that is not exactly what brings me down here, either," he continued, after a moment or two, during which he puffed at his cigar in silence. "Mr. Doe sees a great deal of promise in your work, and says if you will go to Paris and study there for two years, he will guarantee to buy the first four pictures you paint. When I heard him make that offer, Regy Thornton," said Rushford, with a beautiful burst of enthusiasm, "I thought to myself that you were the very luckiest fellow that ever I heard tell of. The plums seem to drop into your mouth without your having to so much as even shake the tree. You have talent, your family has money enough to allow you to follow it up, and here comes this offer on top of all that, practically assuring your success. What do you say to it?"

Poor Regy! For two hours every nerve had been stretched like a bowstring to meet the shock of the coming interview with Rushford, whom he both respected and feared. Now the tension was unstrung with a suddenness that set every nerve to jarring and tingling. A great dry lump rose and grew and swelled in his throat, and swallow as he would, he could not get it down. It seemed to choke him, and in the efforts to keep his composure, he nearly bit through the end of his cigar. He could no more speak than he could fly.

"What is the matter?" said Rushford, breaking the silence at last. "I had no idea your success would move you like that. Brace up, my boy! I know how great are the joys of first triumphs, but you should take your joys as coolly as you take your sorrows, man."

"Oh, Dan," cried Regy, with a sob in his voice, "you don't understand. It—it isn't that. I can't tell you what it is."

The words burst from him almost without his own option, and then, having spoken them, he buried his face in his arms, and a space of heavy silence followed, broken only by his convulsively broken breathing.

"Look here, Regy," said Rushford, by-and-by, in a very serious voice, "just now, before I spoke to you of this matter, you said something about—Hetty was the name, I think. You have not been getting yourself into a scrape, have you?"

Regy did not answer. He could find no words in which to frame a reply to the other's question.

"My dear fellow," said Rushford, leaning forward, and laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, "I begin to think there is something very serious here, more serious than I could have believed possible. Who is this Hetty?"

Rushford was a genius at cross-examination, and never did he so display his powers as upon this occasion. By little and little he wormed from Regy the whole wretched story. It seemed to the boy that he told it voluntarily, and not as though it were wrung from him inquisitorially. All—everything was laid bare: the picnic, the squalor of the fight, the poor vulgar love affair following. There was not a thread or a remnant or a fragment of the romance left. All was bare, naked, and disagreeable. By-and-by the story came to an end. Rushford sat smoking in stony silence.

"Poor Regy!" said he, presently, in a low voice, as though to himself, and then suddenly, with an assumption of certainty, "Of course you do not care anything for the girl?"

Regy was taken too unawares to gather any courage. "No," said he, weakly, "I don't think I do."

"I supposed not," said Rushford. "I have seen no end of just such cases as yours, Regy. Designing girls, designing mothers, and a poor fellow gotten into the toils through no fault of his own."

"Look here, Dan," said Regy, plucking up a certain amount of heart, "the girl is a good girl, and—and I got myself into this scrape, you know, and it wasn't her fault. You mustn't talk that way about her," said he. Then, after a space of silence, and with a certain accession of hopelessness, "Why shouldn't I marry Hetty, and take her to Paris with me?"

Rushford shook his head. "It cannot be done," said he. "No man can fight such a battle as you have before you encumbered by a wife, even if she were of the best sort. You will have to give up Paris. I do not know when I have been so sorry for anything, Regy, as I am about this business. I do not see what you will do after you have married the girl, either. You will have to cut yourself loose from all your associations and friends, and everything that you value."

"Well, I can't help it," burst out poor Regy. "I promised the girl to marry her, and you wouldn't have me break my word, would you?"

Thereupon he broke down, and burying his face in his arms once more fully abandoned himself to his griefs, his hand still holding his fading cigar. Rushford watched him with a mean sneaking feeling in his heart. He felt that he was extorting a cry from a helpless victim.

"Listen, Regy," said he, suddenly. "It may be that this matter has not gone too far to be patched up even yet. I would not have you do anything that was not honorable, nor do I believe that you would do any such thing. Go you home in the first train to-morrow, and I will see the girl and her mother myself, and will have a talk with them. If she is a good honest girl and really does care for you, I will leave you to face the music as you see fit; but, at any rate, let me have a talk with her first."

"Oh, would you?" cried Regy, looking up with a sudden hopefulness. "It would be awful kind, Dan, for I have been a confounded fool."

So the next morning Regy took the first train home, and Daniel Rushford staid behind to patch up the trouble as his skill and intelligence, his riper years and greater experience, of the world might suggest.

IX.

Perhaps it was not entirely without some trepidation that Rushford entered the widow Donnelly's store the next morning. Hetty was behind the counter. Yes, her mother was home; should she call her? In the few words that passed of inquiry and answer, he took a hasty mental measure of the girl. Strong will, he surmised; ready passion, quick temper. He had come, he said, to see Mrs. Donnelly upon important business, and Hetty, with a deal of unexpressed curiosity, ushered him into the stuffy, snuffy little sitting-room beyond the store, where he waited while she went to find her mother.

One can imagine the arguments Rushford used with the good woman in the interview that followed; the hard, cold reasoning with which he knocked to pieces and annihilated the wonderful air castles which the poor soul had builded with such pleasure during the past two days. Hetty had told her all that had passed between Regy and herself in that ride home from the picnic, and the mother was very proud and happy. She had accepted the matter most satisfactorily to her own mind. If she had reasoned at all, it was to argue that her daughter was beautiful and good and worthy, and all that she needed—so her thoughts ran—was a rich husband to make her as fine a lady as any in the land. Now came Rushford, and showed her, clear as daylight, that she would have to come out of her castle of dreams, and lock the door behind her.

If Rushford had felt like a brute when he had tortured poor Regy, he felt a thousand times more so in the presence of the widow Donnelly's suffering. She was so helpless, so pitifully simple-minded, so readily acquiescent to his callous reasoning. If she had only combated it and him, it would not have been so hard. His weak pity gnawed poignantly at Rushford's heart.

"Well," said he, rising at last, "you will let Hetty understand the matter. You understand it yourself now, and you can tell her just what I have told you."

"Oh, no, no," cried the poor woman, hysterically, and reaching out her hands appealingly. "I can't tell Hetty; I can't do it, sir. It ain't no use talking, you'll have to tell her yourself."

"Why, my dear madam," cried Rushford, aghast, "I could not do such a thing as that. I am not the proper one to talk of such matters to a young girl like your daughter. Why, ma'am, I am hardly more than a young man myself."

"That don't make no difference," said the widow Donnelly. "I couldn't tell my girl such things as you've told me; and, then, you've took the thing into your own hands, and you ought to carry it through, and I don't see how you can, so I don't."

And thereupon she fell to rocking herself, crying harder than ever. It was in vain that Rushford strove to reason with her. The widow Donnelly entrenched herself behind the undeniable fact that he had taken the matter into his own hands, and there was nothing for it but to face the music that he himself had undertaken to pipe.

He heard Mrs. Donnelly's tearful voice in the store, and the next moment Hetty came in, and shut the door behind her.

The two stood facing one another for a moment or two in silence, she standing with her back to the door, and her hand upon the latch, with angry suspicion looking out from her eyes.

"Won't you sit down?" said Rushford at last, offering a chair.

She shook her head, and then came quickly forward to the table, resting one hand upon it; even in the abstractions of his thoughts Rushford passively noticed how red and coarse the hand was.

"Maa said you wanted to speak to me," said Hetty, sharply; and then Rushford's thoughts came back to the business in hand.

Just what Rushford said and how he said it perhaps he himself could never tell. Almost at his first words Hetty knew what they purported, and a fiery red flamed up into her face and forehead and neck. Then it faded—faded to a pink pallor. At first she listened stubbornly, resentfully. But, by-and-by, anger and resentment grew relaxed, and more relaxed, under the quiet gentle reasoning. He asked her no questions, he made no endeavor to commit her to anything, but he represented Regy's life, his training, his manners, his connections, his weakness, his vacillation, his uncertainty. Were he a man with a firm hard-grained character, and more than usually strong, he might have strength to combat the world and the world's opinions, and marry whom he chose. As it was, how could it be otherwise than that, if he married her, he would make her life one long misery? Was it not better to suffer a little pain now, however sharp that pain might be, than to suffer a great pain always? He was eloquent, pleading, sensible, tender, and his words had all the effect which he intended them to have. As he spoke, he almost instinctively drew nearer and nearer to her, and she, as he talked, turned her face further and further away.

"Now, my dear," he said, in a kindly, almost paternal tone, and as he spoke he bent toward the girl, and reaching out his arm, rested a hand upon the back of a chair behind her, so that she almost stood in the bending of his arm—"and now, my dear, Regy went home this morning, leaving me to talk this matter over with you. You are altogether a different girl from what I expected to find, and I will speak quite frankly with you. He is prepared to stand by his promise to you to marry you. Do you not see yourself that that can never be?"

Poor Hetty spoke no word of answer, but she nodded her head dumbly. Rushford bent forward to see her face, but she turned it still further away, and the next instant one hot tear dropped upon the back of the hand that rested upon the chair. He snatched it away as if it had been scalded. He was already wrought up by all that had passed, warmed and softened by his own fire, and his horror of a woman's tears took possession of him as it had never taken possession of him before.

"What is this?" he cried, with nervous agitation. "What is this? What is this? Surely you do not love the boy, do you?"

"No," gasped Hetty, "I don't! If I ever did love him, I don't love him now."

"Then don't cry—don't cry," said Rushford, and hardly knowing what he did, he laid his hand upon her shoulder. "Why do you cry?"

Then she turned her flushed face, and looked at him with her brown eyes swimming in shining tears. Her answer was couched in precisely the same words in which she had replied to Regy as they drove away from the picnic-grounds two days before. "I don't know," said she, in the same choking voice; "I can't help it." She looked inexpressibly pretty.

Then a sudden swirl seemed to sweep Rushford from his feet, and what Regy did—Regy, the poor, weak, hare-brained fool of a boy—what Regy did, in answer to her tears, he himself, the man of the world, the level-headed lawyer, the president of the Metropolitan Club, did—he drew the girl suddenly to him, and kissed her upon the lips.

It all passed in the flash of an instant; in the next, Hetty was no longer there; and when his senses came back to him with a shock, he saw that she was standing against the further wall, her hands spread out behind her, and such an expression upon her face as he had never seen in all of his life. It fairly writhed with a convulsion of passions—shame, rage, a thousand indescribable furies. It seemed as though her heart would burst with its efforts to give vent to what it felt.

"You—you—" she panted, gasping almost inarticulately, then, flinging her soul into the words, "You think you're smart, don't you?"

Rushford had stood silent, almost cowed, in the presence of the whirlwind of passion he had raised, but now he found words to answer. "I thought I was," said he, "but I was mistaken."

He could not go through the form of asking her pardon; he did not bid her good-by. He took up his hat, and without another word turned and left the room. Neither did he say anything to Mrs. Donnelly as he passed through the store.

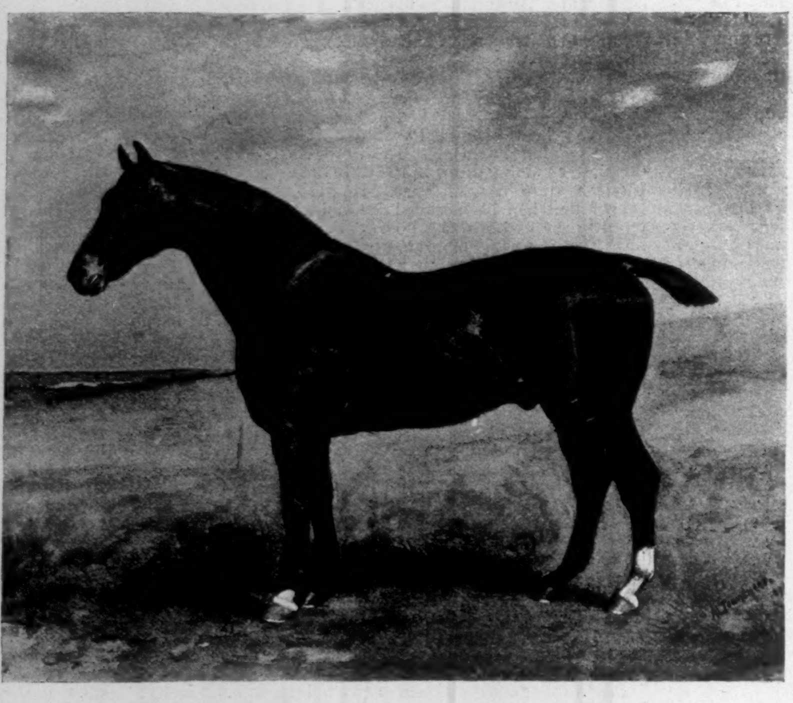
He climbed the crooked little pathway that led up the hill, and thence, by a short-cut and by way of a picket-gate, to the house. The gate stuck slightly, offering some little resistance. He fetched it a savage kick that sent it flying open. He went straight to his room, packed his grip-sack, and then, looking at his watch, found that he had just time to catch the 11.30 train. "D—— Regy Thornton!" said he.

THE HACKNEY.

BY A. J. CASSATT.

Johnson's Dictionary describes a hackney as being a hired horse. Dr. Johnson lived in the pre-Macadam days, when English roads were worse than those now existing in American back townships, and when the saddle hackney was the cheapest, quickest, and safest mode of conveyance. To carry a heavy rider and his saddle-bags on a long day's journey over rough, deep roads, and repeat this day after day, was his task. To accomplish this with comfort and safety he must be stout, active, sure-footed, and possessed of courage and a good constitution.

With the advent of Macadam and good roads, the gig, the post-chaise, and the stage-coach to a great extent supplanted the saddle, and the hackney became the general-purpose ride and drive horse of England. The best horses of this class were bred in Norfolk, Yorkshire, and the adjacent counties. Here they have long existed and continue to exist as a breed—not a pure breed or race, by any means, for there has been much crossing in of thoroughbred and other blood, but nevertheless distinctly a breed. To preserve, improve, and fix this breed the English Hackney Stud-book Society was organized some ten years ago. It has prosecuted its work with marked success, so that in its modern acceptation the term hackney has become the designation of a horse of this breed or race, and in the more restricted sense in which the word is used by breeders, a horse entered or eligible for entry in the Hackney Stud-book.



BROWN FASHION.—From Painting by A. L. Townsend.

Little is really known of the origin of the hackney breed, and this question must always remain a matter of speculation. That he owes some of his good qualities to Arab crosses is probable. Where but from the Eastern horse could he get the broad forehead, the lofty carriage and high croup, the brisk, cheerful temper, the extreme docility combined with the resolute courage, that alike mark the true hackney and the Arabian horse? His stout, compact, round body, his wide strong back, his powerful quarters, and his trotting action probably came from the native English horse. We have more accurate knowledge about the breeding of hackneys during the present century. Much interesting and valuable information upon this subject is given by Mr. Henry Euren, Secretary of the English Hackney Society, in the introduction to the first volume of the Stud-book.

The facts collected by Mr. Euren, and the tabulated pedigrees which he has prepared of a number of the favorite hackney sires of the present day, show that there has been much crossing in of thoroughbred blood upon the descendants of eighteenth-century hackneys. The class has no doubt been improved by this infusion of the blood of the racer; but a comparison of the modern hackney with the description and portraits we have of his old-fashioned progenitors shows that the characteristics of the hackney type have been wonderfully well preserved. There was no doubt great danger that this in-crossing of thoroughbred blood might be carried too far. There are instances, notably in France, of certain valuable breeds of horses being entirely lost in this way. The fear of such a possibility probably had much to do with the formation of the English Hackney Stud-book Society. Fortunately, action was taken in time, and the hackney breed has been preserved to us.

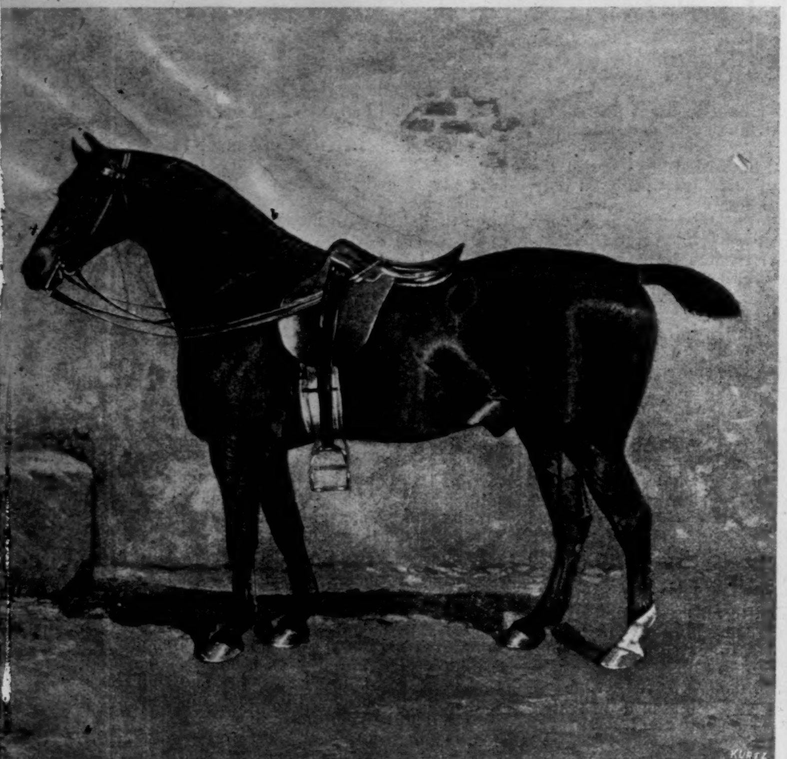
The distinguishing characteristics of the hackney are his intelligent head, of a well-defined type, his strong neck, his round roomy barrel, his short strong back, his well-arched loin and powerful quarters, his short, strong, clean, and well-placed legs, his lofty carriage, and his action. He has a muscular conformation peculiar to himself, and as he stands squarely on his legs, with head erect and arched neck, and bold, self-possessed outlook, he conveys an idea of power and courage that exactly illustrates the old expression, "he is all horse."

As the perfect hackney is a "ride and drive" horse, equally in his place whether in harness or mounted, he must also have good shoulders. His are not thin, like those of the thoroughbred; on the contrary, rather thick through, but well placed, deep, and oblique, giving plenty of length before the rider, and imparting that pleasant, indescribable "feel" that denotes the true saddle-horse.

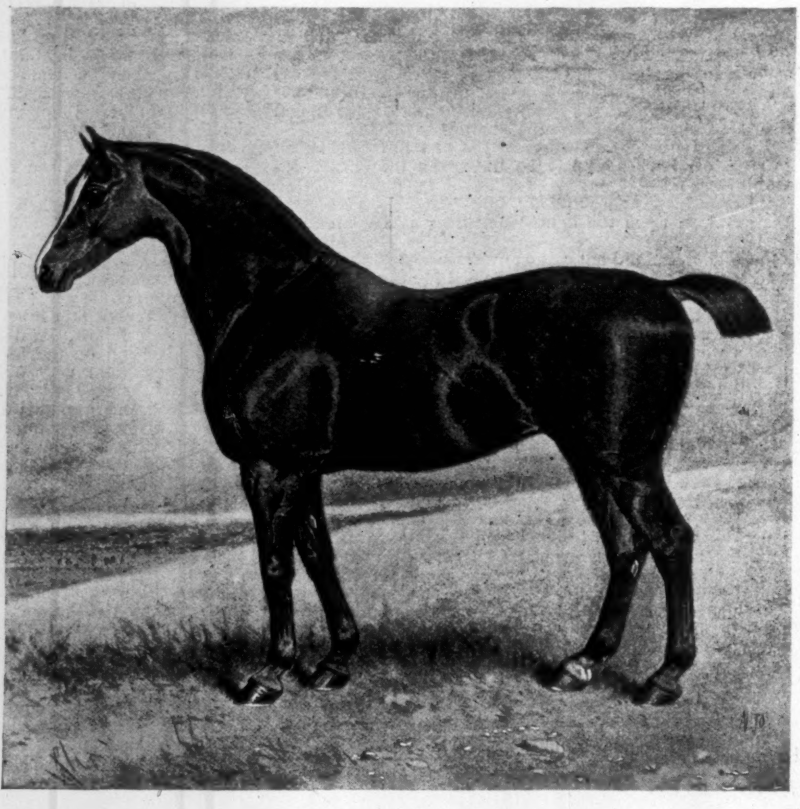
There has been a good deal of discussion in England lately as to the proper size of the hackney. Mr. Burdett-Coutts has taken strong grounds in favor of increasing the size by careful selection of sires and dams. Many old hackney-breeders, on the other hand, do not accept this view, holding that with increased size the hackney characteristics will to a greater or less extent be bred out. Even Mr. Burdett-Coutts places his limit at 15 hands 3 inches. The extreme range in height may therefore be said to be from 14 hands to 15.3. Fifteen hands to 15.1 is perhaps the average of the best individuals of the race. In considering this question of size, the old racing adage that "a good big horse is better than a good little horse" hardly applies to the general-purpose animal. Buyers should rather bear in mind the saying that "a good horse will wear out two sets of legs," and remembering that the legs of the little horse will last the longest, should select horses big enough for their work and no bigger.

The most valuable quality of the hackney, the one which more than any other makes him such a favorite, is his action. The extreme high action which calls forth rounds of applause at the Horse Show, and is so much admired in the Park, is not common, nor is it, perhaps, desirable in the roadster. The action that horsemen value, and that is possessed by all good hackneys, is the "all round," the "step and go along" sort. While the knee should be well lifted and nicely rounded, the leg should be thrown well forward from the shoulder; and in the same way, behind, the hock cannot be too much bent, if the leg receives the proper forward send from the stifle. This is essential, and of the two the action behind is the more important. The delivery should be perfectly straight and true, and the recovery should be quick and "snappy." There should be no dishing in front or straddling behind. The suggestion of a boot would be an insult to a true-going hackney.

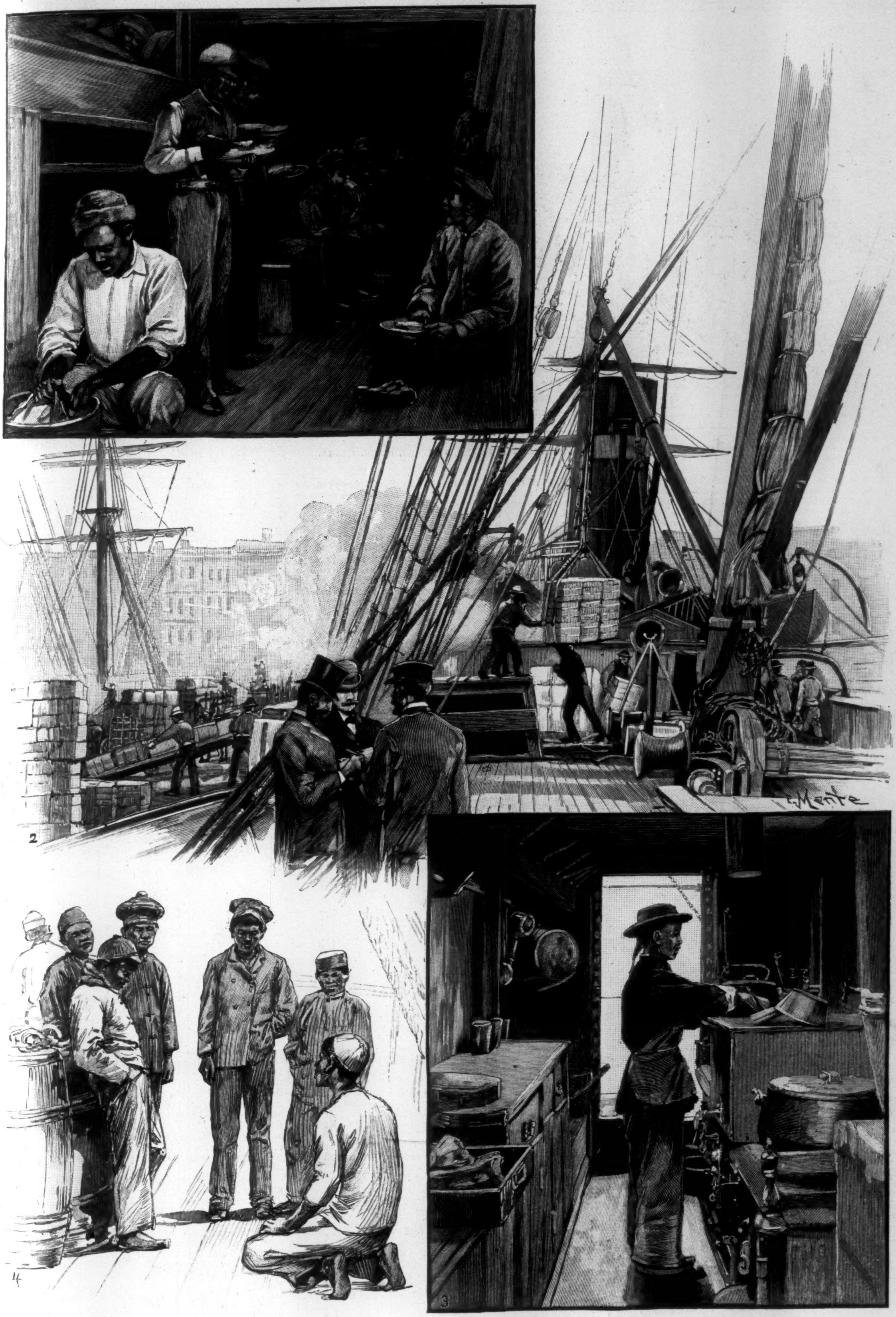
In speaking of his action, reference is usually made only to his way of going in the trot, but those who have had the



COMET.—From Painting by A. L. Townsend.

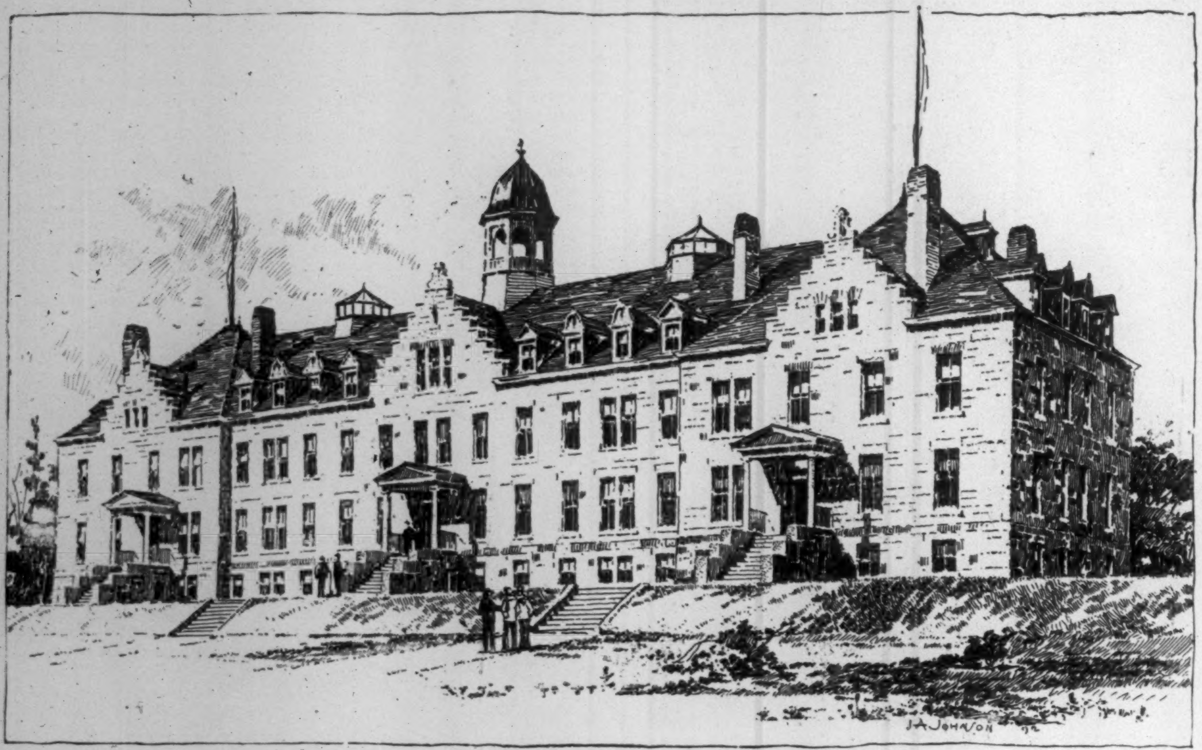


PLAISANTERIE.—From Painting by A. L. Townsend.



ON BOARD A TEA-TRADER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 352.]

1. The Forecastle. 2. Unloading Tea. 3. The Chinese Kitchen. 4. Types of Malay Sailors.



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL WAR COLLEGE, COASTER'S HARBOR ISLAND, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

pleasure of riding a really good saddle hackney know that his walk is quite as characteristic. Unlike the long, low, slouching walk of the thoroughbred, the walk of the hackney is quick and springy; he seems to step out of the ground, lifting his rider at every stride, and conveying an intimation of surplus power that is quite delightful. You feel that he thinks nothing of your weight; his action prevents him from tripping or stumbling, and as to coming down with you, you do not believe he could if he tried.

The canter is more or less an artificial gait, and need not be referred to in connection with the hackney, except to say that his general conformation, and his way of getting his haunches well under him, make him a very apt pupil in acquiring it, and a very pleasant horse to ride when he has learned it.

I do not underrate the thoroughbred, or nearly thoroughbred, as a saddle-horse, and I am aware that many riders of both sexes will have none other. To these I can only make the answer I once made to a friend of mine, a capital horseman, who said, "The hackney may be as good under the saddle as you describe him to be, but as for me, I prefer a thoroughbred." "If you rode over two hundred pounds," I replied, "you would have to prefer a hackney." And I think that the heavy man, the invalid who rides for his health's sake, the unskilful or timid rider, to whom manners are of the first importance, will always prefer the hackney.

In all the great cities of this country the demand for horses suitable for gigs, phaetons, victorias, broughams, and like carriages, as well as for saddle-horses for park and road use, up to any weight, with manners, action, and good looks, has been steadily increasing. This demand the hackney has come to fill, and he will be welcomed by all who want such horses, and who have experienced the difficulty, I might almost say the impossibility, of procuring those of the right sort.

Our breeders have neglected this stamp of horse. They have devoted themselves to the thoroughbred and the trotter, and while in some parts of the country coach-horses and heavy draught-horses have been raised in considerable numbers, no attempt has until recently been made to breed horses of the hackney stamp. Those of this class that are brought to market, and occasionally excellent individual specimens can be picked up, have been chance horses.

While in the earlier days hackney sires may have been and probably were brought to America, the only notable instance that we know of is that of Bellfounder, who is believed to have had much to do with the creation of the Morgan family. Old horsemen will remember the Morgans as possessing many hackney characteristics, and must regret their almost entire extinction.

It is only within the last ten years that the hackney as a distinct breed became generally known in America. I believe that my horse Little Wonder, imported in January, 1883, and exhibited at the first show of the National Horse Show Association in New York, and Mr. Prescott Lawrence's grand mover Fashion, imported one year later, were the first hackneys that attracted public attention in the United States. Since then the breed has rapidly grown in public favor. In 1888 Dr. W. Seward Webb brought over Brown Fashion and a splendid collection of mares. Mr. Fairfax conferred a lasting benefit upon the hackney interests of our country by the acquisition of that good horse and most successful sire Matchless. Mr. Prescott Lawrence, Mr. John A. Logan, Jun., Mr. Dutcher, Mr. Perkins, Mr. George Green, Mr. Bloodgood, Mr. Eastman, Mr. Widener, Mr. Sloane, Mr. Twombley, and others, have been liberal and discriminating importers of high-class hackneys. The great West has taken a hand in the work too, and during 1888, 1889, and 1890 we find in the English Stud-book records of 181 hackney stallions sold in England for exportation to the United States. The great majority of these went west of the Ohio River.

In 1890 the American Hackney Horse Society was founded, having for its object the establishment and improvement of the hackney breed in America and the publication of a Stud-book. The first volume is about to appear. It will contain the records of 80 stallions and 264 mares. This alone will give an idea of what has been done in a very few years towards introducing the breed here. But the influence of the hackney sire will not be confined to the narrow limits of the Stud-book. In the improvement of the breed generally, and in the production of useful general-purpose horses by crossing on native mares, I believe that he will prove himself to be the equal of the thoroughbred, and superior to the trotter. Those who saw the hackneys at the last New York Horse Show must have been struck not only by their uniformity of type, but by the remarkable manner in which hackney sires stamped their characteristics upon their offspring from mares of other breeds.

As I have said before, the hackney comes to supply a long-felt want. There can be no rivalry between him and the trotter; they each have their separate and well-defined places, and where rivalry should not exist, jealousy and antagonism are to be strongly deprecated. While I have never been interested in trotters as an owner or breeder, I cannot but admire this distinctly American horse, and I am ready to do full justice to his merits, and to give the highest credit to the breeders whose enterprise and skill have brought him to such a state of perfection. Injudicious friends of the hackney have asserted that the trotter cannot stay, and that he is only good for an occasional spurt on the road. I believe, on the contrary, there are scores of trotters that before a light buggy could beat the best hackney that ever was foaled from one mile to one hundred. On the other hand, it is equally a mistake to suppose that the hackney has no pace. A hackney worthy of the name should be able, over good roads, to do his ten, twelve, and even fourteen miles an hour, carrying a heavy man on his back, or pulling a load that would anchor most trotters. He will do this too in such a style that it is a delight to sit behind him or astride of him, picking up his feet and moving as gayly all around at the end of a long road as at the beginning of it. And when the day's journey is done, he will be neither sick nor sorry, but will clean up his manger, and take his rest in a strange stable as contentedly as at home, and in the morning come out fresh and cheerful, ready and willing to begin again.

THE U. S. NAVAL WAR COLLEGE.

Few if any of the acts of the present naval administration will redound more to its credit, or be of more permanent value to the naval profession, than the re-establishment of the Naval War College. The rapidity with which the work of putting up the new building for the use of the college and the thoroughness of its construction are characteristic of the energy which the present able head of the navy has infused into every branch of the public service subject to his control.

Bids for the construction of the college building were opened at the Navy Department, Washington, last August, and now in the ides of March we find the building practically completed.

When it is considered that the building is of granite, 210 feet long by 48 deep, one may appreciate the manner in which the work has been pushed ahead. Indeed, it has proceeded so rapidly and so unostentatiously that it was not until the daily press had announced the detail of Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., as president of the college that the public was aware of its rehabilitation.

"University extension," which is now "having its say" in the great centres of learning, is only partially applicable to the War College. A more just comparison would be to liken it to the Staff College, which forms such an important feature in almost every system of military education abroad.

Military writers define a staff as the body of officers and their assistants whose special function is the direction of the mass which constitutes the force of an army. The value of a staff, it has been well said, lies in the practice, the instruction, the activity, the zeal, the patriotism, and the capacity of its components. The perfection of the present German staff is due to the ability and devotion of Von Moltke—a perfection of organization which carried the German army to the gates of Vienna and of Paris, and enabled it to capture the entire army of France.

Without a staff to lean upon, the head of a military or naval establishment would, when startled out of the dull routine of peace, find himself helpless. Bureau officers, fully occupied with the daily routine of their office, have no time for the duties which devolve upon the members of a general staff. This was made apparent during our recent strained relations with Chili. The object of the War College as generally understood will be to prepare officers of the navy for the performance of the functions of a naval general staff.

In the annual report of the Secretary of the Navy for the year 1889 it is stated that "the War College is unquestionably one of the most important institutions connected with the navy. Its establishment in 1884 represented a marked advance in naval development. Its work, even in the restricted sphere to which it has hitherto been confined, has been of immense benefit to the service, and it is of the highest importance that nothing should be done that will interfere with its efficiency.

THE CANTEEN IN THE ARMY

BY T. G. STEWARD, CHAPLAIN TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY, U. S. A.

The recent action of the new Secretary of War, changing the name of the canteen to post exchange, serves to bring that institution again into public notice, and has led to the opinion that a brief description of the manner in which it has been developed in our army might be of general interest at this time.

Seeking information from such sources as were within my reach, I have been able to prepare the following sketch of this important movement:

At Vancouver Barracks, Oregon, in the fall of 1880, some of the officers conceived the idea of opening an amusement-room, or rather set of rooms, for the benefit of the enlisted men at the post. The consent of the commanding officer, Colonel H. A. Morrow, being obtained, the rooms were furnished, and formally opened on November 29, 1880. They consisted of a reading-room, a room for games, and a lunch-room; all fitted up in such manner as to present a cheerful and homelike appearance. The declared object of the movement was to promote the contentment of the men, and thus further improve the order and discipline of the garrison.

Foremost among the officers who inaugurated the measure was Captain Evans Miles, of the Twenty-first Infantry, at present Major of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, through whom I have derived a large part of my information, and to whom a very large share of the credit of bringing into existence the canteen system is unquestionably due.

The movement was so successful that it was copied in other places. In December, 1881, Assistant Surgeon A. C. Gerard, reporting of a similar work at Fort Keogh, says: "The idea is not original with me. I received the first impetus in the matter by an account of a similar establishment at Fort Vancouver. The aim to be attained was to provide the enlisted men with a cheap substitute for alcoholic liquors." A circular published from the headquarters of the Department of Dakota, January 17, 1882, by General A. H. Terry, then in command, contains the following language indicating the growth of the institution, and the favor with which it was regarded. He says, speaking of the assistant surgeon's report on the subject, "It furnishes a practicable and valuable plan for meeting a want felt at all posts"; and he expressed the hope that the coffee canteen, as it was then called, would soon become an establishment at every post in his department.

It ought to be noted that the canteen was opened in favor of good morals, temperance, and discipline, and that the sale of beer and wine, afterward permitted, is authorized only under this idea. The originators of the scheme claim that the sale of beer was an after and secondary matter, brought in to meet the peculiar conditions of garrison life, with a view of controlling and modifying an evil which so far it was found impossible to utterly extirpate.

The introduction of the sale of beer at canteens met with objections from two classes of people of very opposite character, to wit, the liquor-dealers and the temperance advocates. The answer which the defenders of the canteen made to the liquor-dealers may be seen from the following extract from a letter written by General H. A. Morrow, at Fort Sidney, Nebraska, and addressed to the liquor-dealers of the town of Sidney in response to their protest. He says:

"You further state that my action is unfair and an infringement of your rights, as you are unable to compete with the amusement-room, owing to the great expense of carrying on such business.

"Before considering the grounds of your remonstrance, I will ask your permission to make a plain statement of facts in relation to the causes which led to the establishment of the post amusement-room, and as to the manner in which it has been conducted.

"The present garrison arrived at Sidney on the 2d day of July, 1884. There was no place of amusement or recreation in the post, and the resorts for these purposes were sought in the town of Sidney. It was soon found that there was a good deal of demoralization among certain members of the command; complaints for over-indulgence in drink and neglect of duty in consequence thereof were numerous. These increased to such an extent that in the five and a half months between the arrival of the command at Sidney and the establishment of the amusement-room, namely, between July 1st and December 15th, there had been 193 confinements in the guard-house. Please keep in mind that I do not say, nor do I mean to intimate, that the causes for the demoralization above referred to are attributable to you. I am simply stating a fact, which is that in five and a half months after the arrival of this command in Sidney there were 193 confinements at the post for offences more or less serious.

"You will agree with me when I say that such a state of affairs called not only for investigation, but for a remedy. An investigation led to the conclusion that the causes of these troubles had their origin in the town of Sidney.

"An effort was made to find, in the garrison, rooms which could be used for officers and men as places of resort for amusement and recreation; and on the 15th day of December the present Nez Percé Hall, as the amusement-room of the post is called, was opened. In these rooms were placed billiard tables, chess-boards, checkers, cards, dominoes, backgammon, and other games; and in addition, as a further inducement for members of the garrison to frequent the rooms, sandwiches and coffee were provided; subsequently the sale of beer was permitted—*nothing stronger than beer.* The proceeds arising from billiard tables and sale of luncheons and beer were applied to furnishing the rooms, replenishing the stores, paying attendants, etc. These rooms are in charge of a commissioned officer. Nothing stronger than beer is allowed to be kept or sold in them, and gaming for money or other things of value is prohibited in orders.

"What was the effect of opening these amusement-rooms on the discipline of the command? I have already stated that in the five and a half months preceding the opening of these rooms 193 confinements had taken place. In the five and a half months immediately following the opening of these rooms there were but 73 confinements—a falling off of 62 per cent."

This letter from General Morrow, who was familiar with the canteen movement from its inception, presents us with a fair view of its usual operations, and also of the immediate results of its establishment, and justifies the views expressed by General Terry in '82. The primary purpose of the institution was to furnish amusement, recreation, and refreshments, and thus counteract the effects of the ordinary frontier saloon.

The army regulations upon this subject now read as follows:

"The sale or use of ardent spirits in canteens is strictly prohibited; but the commanding officer is authorized to permit wines and light beer to be sold therein by the drink on week-days, and in a room used for no other purpose, whenever he is satisfied that the giving to the men the opportunity of obtaining such beverages within the post limits has the effect of preventing them from resorting for strong intoxicants to places without such limits, and tends to promote temperance and discipline among them. The practice of what is known as 'treating' should be discouraged under all circumstances."

Here the temperance principle is strongly asserted, and the commander's discretion is very carefully guarded.

The army chaplains at their meeting in Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1891, considered this subject seriously, but took no decisive action. The opinions expressed, however, were unfavorable to the canteen as then conducted, and they left open the question as to whether the system had not rather promoted than discouraged the habit of drinking. Chaplains could not be expected to say less, being, as a rule, uncompromising temperance men. It is well to collect and exhibit a little testimony on this point. I quote first from Major Miles, one of the recognized founders of the canteen, and an interested observer of its movements during the dozen years of its history. In an exhaustive paper on "The Canteen," read before the Officers' Lyceum at Fort Missoula, March 24, 1892, he says: "I feel authorized in saying that the sale of beer at the post exchange [canteen] has not had a demoralizing tendency upon the soldiers. So far is it from being true that keeping beer at the post exchange has had a demoralizing tendency upon the enlisted men, that directly opposite is the fact. Do not understand by this remark that it is my opinion that beer should be kept at the post exchange to improve the morals of the soldiers; this is not claimed. It is claimed, however, that at posts where canteens have been properly conducted, at which *beer has been sold*, there has been less drunkenness, increase of contentment, and a more cheerful performance of necessary duty than at posts where there are no canteens."

He adds: "The records of the War Department show that with few exceptions the army officers are united in approving the canteen system. All the post commanders where canteens are established and properly conducted report officially that the system has improved the discipline and morals of their commands." The Adjutant-General in 1890, when there were fifty-seven canteens in operation, addressed this question to commanders of posts, "Has the introduction of the canteen system improved the discipline of the troops among whom it has been tried?" and he affirms in his report that "on this point the unanimity of opinion (affirmative), as gathered from the reports of the post commanders, is as remarkable as it is gratifying." The Surgeon-General, in his report for 1891, affirms that drunkenness is decreasing in the army, and that all the medical officers, with but *one exception*, favor the canteen system.

Here, then, is the system, and some of the testimony concerning it, the preponderance of which establishes the fact that the canteen has been a blessing to the army, even with the beer saloon "annex." What will be the resultant or permanent effects upon the men as they go out of the service it is impossible to say. All, I presume, would prefer to see it without beer, and it is probable this end will ultimately be reached.

The writer of this article is a total abstinence man in practice and a prohibitionist in principle, and hence is incapable of giving the canteen as it now exists his personal endorsement, and hopes that the change of name from canteen to post exchange is suggestive that the temperance sentiment of the country is to be even more regarded, and that there may be a further modifying, or rather complete elimination, of the beer. The law as it now exists is, as I have said, prohibitory in principle, and in its permissive provisions of expediency, it proclaims itself positively in favor of temperance. The canteen in its present form, perhaps, indicates the highest point which practical temperance has as yet reached, either in or out of the army. That it may be entirely freed from even beer and light wines is the hope of many good people.

A QUEST.

Bright Fancy reigned as Love; the court she held
Was ruled by her capricious will;
But fretting 'neath her humors, I rebelled;
A wider world I wished to fill.
I cast my chains aside and went alone,
No more of Love I cared to know;
But had Love ruled on Fancy's gilded throne,
Love would not thus have let me go.

I sought the fields, which spreading far and wide
Brought a glad freedom to my heart,
Which gave new life. Upon the meadow-side
I lay and watched the swallows dart
Through cloudless skies. I breathed the sweet perfume
That soft buds cast upon the air;
But ere the first advance of twilight gloom
I knew that Love was ruler there.

Beyond me rose the mountain's barren crest,
High as the swallows took their flight.
"'Tis night's domain, for there the storm-clouds rest,
And Love," I said, "is of the light."
But when I gained the peak where clouds hung low,
Shrouding the earth in gloom, I found
A region smiling in the sun's soft glow,
While Love was everywhere around.

Then to the wood I fled—the darksome wood
Where mosses bound the barren trees
And shut out light; were naught therein seemed good,
And icy blasts came on the breeze;
Where not a single sun-ray dared to steal.
I thought, "Here is the place I crave";
And then I saw a weeping mother kneel,
Praying beside her baby's grave.

A Voice spoke out: "Fruitless and vain thy quest.
Seek through the world, through lands unknown,
And thou wilt find sweet Love an honored guest,
Save where bright Fancy holds her throne."

Flavel Scott Mines.

THE DEATH OF KOWEE.

The history of the natives of Alaska since it became a Territory of the United States presents no more prominent figure, and none more worthy of our appreciation, than that of Kola Kowee, chief of the Auks.

Scattered throughout our land are many who will find among the pleasant memories of their Alaskan trip a remembrance of his name, perhaps of his face. For a long time Kowee had not been the *skookum* man he was in years agone. His spare, bent figure and frequent cough told plainly of the inroads of old age and disease upon his once iron constitution.

On the evening of February 9th he was taken with *la grippe*. That day he had been as well as usual. Evening came. The family was gathered around the fire, built upon the ground in the middle of the house. Kowee got up to go to a rear room to bed. Taking a step or two forward, he stopped, gazed intently into space, and in a low tone of astonishment called, "Father." His father had been dead many years, and a smile of incredulity spread over the faces of those around the fire.

"What's the matter, Kowee? Are you going crazy?" asked his wife.

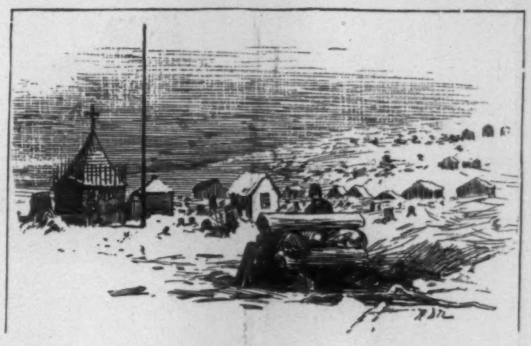
Kowee replied: "My father was here. He stood just there. Didn't you see him?"

A look of pained astonishment crept over the faces of the group about the fire. All regarded it as an omen of death.

That night Kowee became ill. Eighteen days later—Saturday afternoon—as I stood upon the wharf, where lay the *Al-ki*, our fortnightly mail-steamer, just ready for departure, an Indian lad approached me, saying: "Kowee sick. Him die to-night." And a few hours later a member of his family came to the office to tell us of his death.

Before dying, he had them dress him in his police uniform, and gave directions that it should be kept on for two days, then should be removed, his face painted, and his Indian costume put on, and on the fourth day they should burn his body, according to the old customs.

On Sunday Romeo and I went down to the Auk ranch, taking with us George, the interpreter. On a flag-staff in front of Kowee's door the Stars and Stripes were flying at half-mast. At the end of his cabin, opposite the door, seated upon a raised place, dressed in his uniform, the great star of Indian police upon his left breast, his hat on his head, was Kowee. Spread over his limbs was his chilcat dancing blanket, and on his lap his dancing cap, while beneath him was seen the fancy red chest which was to receive his ashes. At the back and sides of his cabin were strung up his blankets and calicoes. Poor old fellow! Only some seventy pairs of blankets left out of a fortune at one time numbering thousands. Around the fire was the family group, save his wife Ok-lak and daughter Annie, who were kneeling before Kowee, while at the left, upon the floor, lay poor Susie, whose quick breathing gave forth a rattling sound, telling all too plainly that she too must soon pass along "the narrow way." At the right, weary with watching, lay Charlie, both nephew and son-in-law. The mourners around the fire were singing a low dirge, the children were eating dried salmon and grease, now and then the dogs coming in for a small share.



THE FUNERAL PILE.

Although for the past few years Kowee's life had been quiet and uneventful, it was not always such, for his body bore many scars from bullet and from knife. His exact age we could not learn, for the Auks keep no note of time, but, reckoning from events of his boyhood, we placed his age at seventy-five.

On Tuesday afternoon we paid the ranch another visit. Kowee's uniform had been removed, his face painted red and black, his blankets wrapped around him, and his red cap placed on his head. When we entered, his face was covered with a red silk handkerchief; at first, fearing our ridicule, they refused to remove this; but we urged our claim of friendship, the handkerchief was removed, and, after a good deal of *sugar wah wah* (pleasant talk), we obtained the grudged permission of making a photograph.

Other things about the house were unchanged; widow and daughter still crouched before the body; Susie still lay there, without clothing, medicine, or proper food, nearer home.

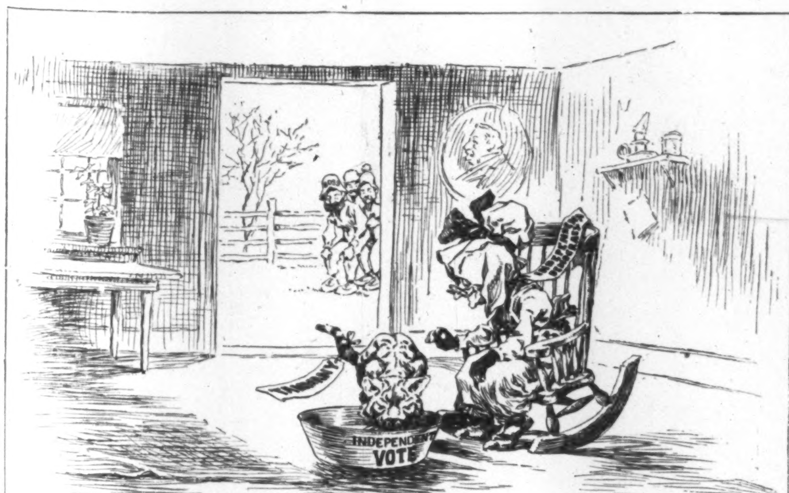
Wednesday morning broke cold and gray, the wind blowing from the northwest, the snow rapidly falling. Soon after eight o'clock I started for the village, anxious to witness the burning of Kowee's body. Notwithstanding the early morning hour and the storm, I find Romeo, Mrs. Hoyt, and Mrs. Delaney there in advance. We pass through the ranch and across Gold Creek, which is now only a few inches deep, to a level spot some four hundred feet beyond, just above high-water line. The tide is dead low, and the channel seems far away across a wide stretch of level beach.

Some dozen Indians, under the direction of Auk Joe, are bringing in the wood, and preparing it for the fire. Those who do this are "eagles," and were chosen or appointed the evening before at the smoking party which has been held every night since Kowee's death. Kowee was a "crow," and, according to their customs, no "crow" can assist in the funeral preparations. All must be done by others, who will receive pay for their work from the stock of blankets, calicoes, etc., which Kowee owned, and which were strung up in his house immediately after his death. The wood cannot be cut until the morning of the cremation, so the choppers were out soon after six o'clock; a tree nearly two feet in diameter was selected, cut down, freed of its limbs, and the bark neatly removed, then it was cut into logs of about six feet in length, and dragged to the place of burning.

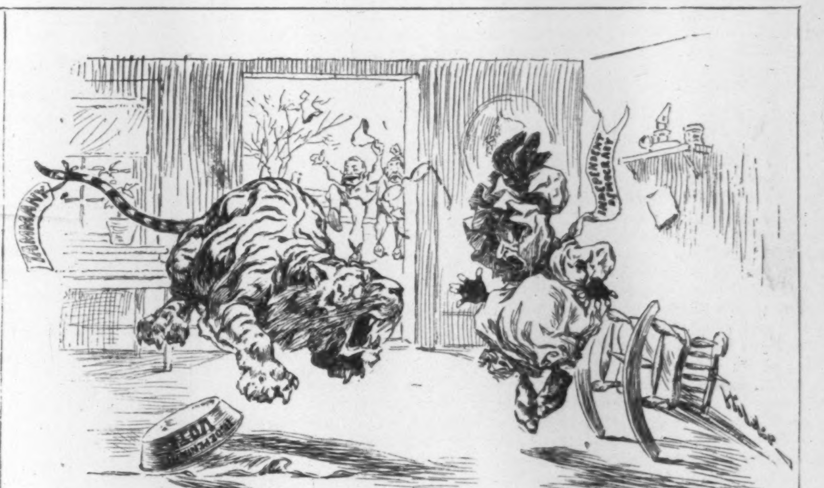
The storm grows wilder, but determined to lose no detail, we get into the shelter of a little tomb or grave-house, and watch the proceedings. All around are charred sticks, remnants of previous funeral pyres, while at our feet are two small old trunks which have once held human bones.

Meanwhile the work goes rapidly on; considerable wood is cut into fine kindlings; then two cross-pieces about four feet long are laid upon the ground, across their ends two large logs are laid, split pieces are placed between, then notches are cut and shorter end logs are fitted in place, just as though building a log cabin, then it is built higher with split logs, now the kindling is arranged beneath, and the fire lighted.

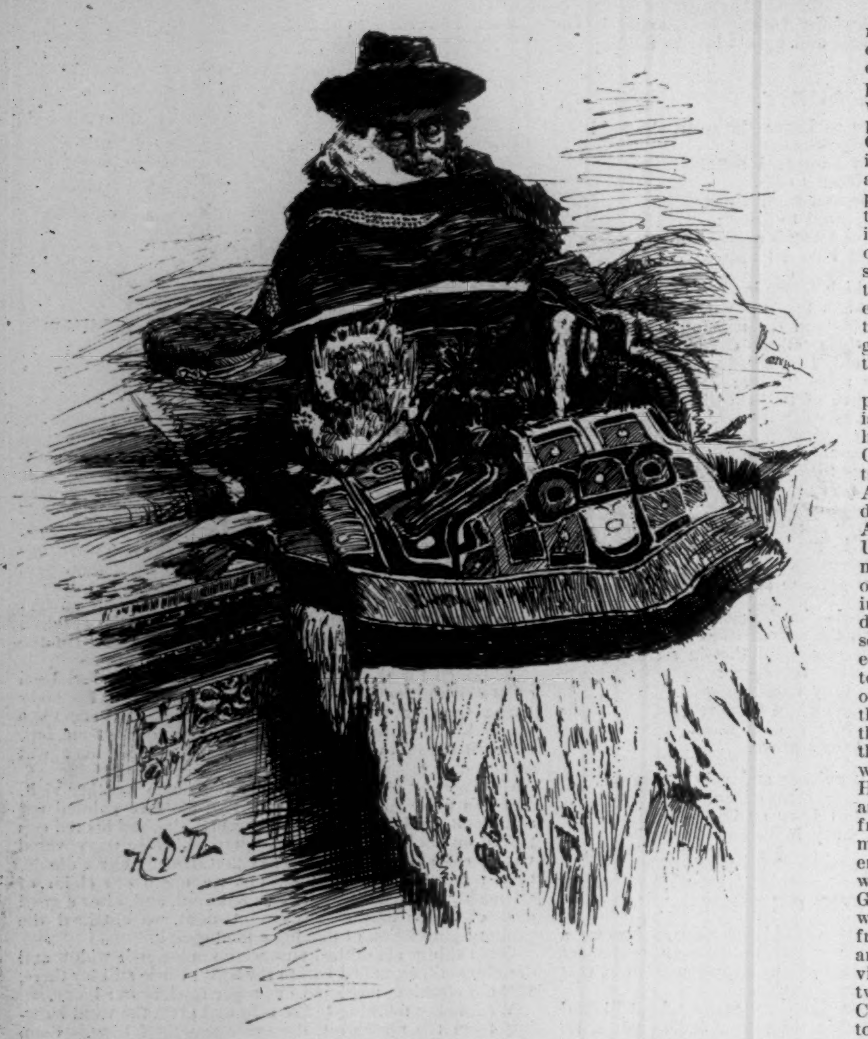
Listen! We hear the chant of the mourners, and looking towards Kowee's house we see them just taking his body down from the roof. They are following their old custom,



FALL OF '91. THE OUTCAST—



SPRING OF '92. PROVES A CASTER-OUT.



THE DEAD CHIEF.

and have raised his body up through the smoke-hole of the house, thinking that if they should carry it through the doorway it would cause the death of some member of the family.

The procession now moves rapidly along singing a mournful dirge. First come four men carrying by the corners a large white cloth containing the body; the mourners follow, one bringing his clothing, another his blankets, and another his rifle and knife. The body is placed in the wooden crib, beneath which the flames are now getting under good headway, his rifle is fired off four times, then broken on the corner of the pyre, and put in with the body; the widow is at his head and assists in these last rites; there is some subdued shouting, and then the mourners resume their chant. Split wood is piled over and around the remains, coal oil is thrown on the wood, and the flames leap high into the air.

'Tis a solemn scene, the dreary morning light of our Northern winter made more drear by the falling snow and the chilling wind; the desolate strip of beach with a solitary stranded iceberg; the cold water in the distance, over which hangs a gray curtain of mist thick and impenetrable; behind us, the hill-side with its many dead-houses; a little farther on, the Evergreen Cemetery, where our own dear ones are lying; and then the mountains rising steep and grand and cold, like death's cold wall between us and the Summer Land just "over the Divide."

But again I hear the chanting and gaze at the burning pile. Kowee's button-trimmed blanket is torn in two and one half is thrown on the fire, while the other is saved for making a bag in which to put the ashes, or more properly bones. His clothing is piled on top. The flames light up the faces of the mourners, many of which are painted black. Faithful to the last, the widow stands close by, while Annie and the other sobbing women are squatted on the ground. The snow upon their forms lies white and thick, toning down the gaudy colors of their blankets, and softening the picture to one of white and shades and tints of gray. Two hours later the fire has burned out, the skull and large bones which retain their shape are broken, the pieces carefully picked up, put into the blanket bag, this into the red chest, and the whole deposited in the wooden tomb, while the mourners disperse, to assemble again in the afternoon for a death feast and potlatch.

ERNEST O. SYLVESTER.

JUNEAU, ALASKA, *March* 10, 1892.

ON BOARD A TEA SHIP.

WHO that has read Charles Reade's famous novel *Hard Cash* has failed to be impressed with his description of the clearing of a tea ship from a Chinese port in the days of the East India Company? The great *Agra*, swinging at her anchor at Whampoa in the Canton River, is a veritable battle ship, with a gunner who fought at Trafalgar in charge of the twenty 18-pounders on her gun-deck, and a crew of sixty British blue-jackets who move at the sound of the boatswain's whistle, and heave up anchor and hoist topsails to the strains of the fife.

She was loaded in this manner for the homeward voyage: First many hundred bundles of light flexible canes from Sumatra and Malacca were placed in the hold, on these were laid tons of rough saltpetre in two-hundred pound gunny-bags, which the men, singing in time with their strokes, then beat down with huge wooden beetles called "commanders." When the saltpetre was well mashed, ton water-butts were rolled on it till the floor was like a billiard table. A fleet of chop-boats brought the tea aboard, and the chests, piled tier on tier, were pressed into place by a screw-jack, until the cargo was stowed as tightly as ever shop-keeper packed a box. After formal permission had been obtained from the Chinese admiral for the ship to leave China, that official must be further consulted as to the probable dangers of attack from pirates in these lawless waters. Then, having passed the perils of the China Sea, and threaded its way among the islands of the Malay Archipelago, the *Agra* fights the pirate schooner and its consort in the Strait of Caspar, where, having sent one robber craft to the bottom and outsailed the other, the victorious ship ploughs grandly down toward the Cape.

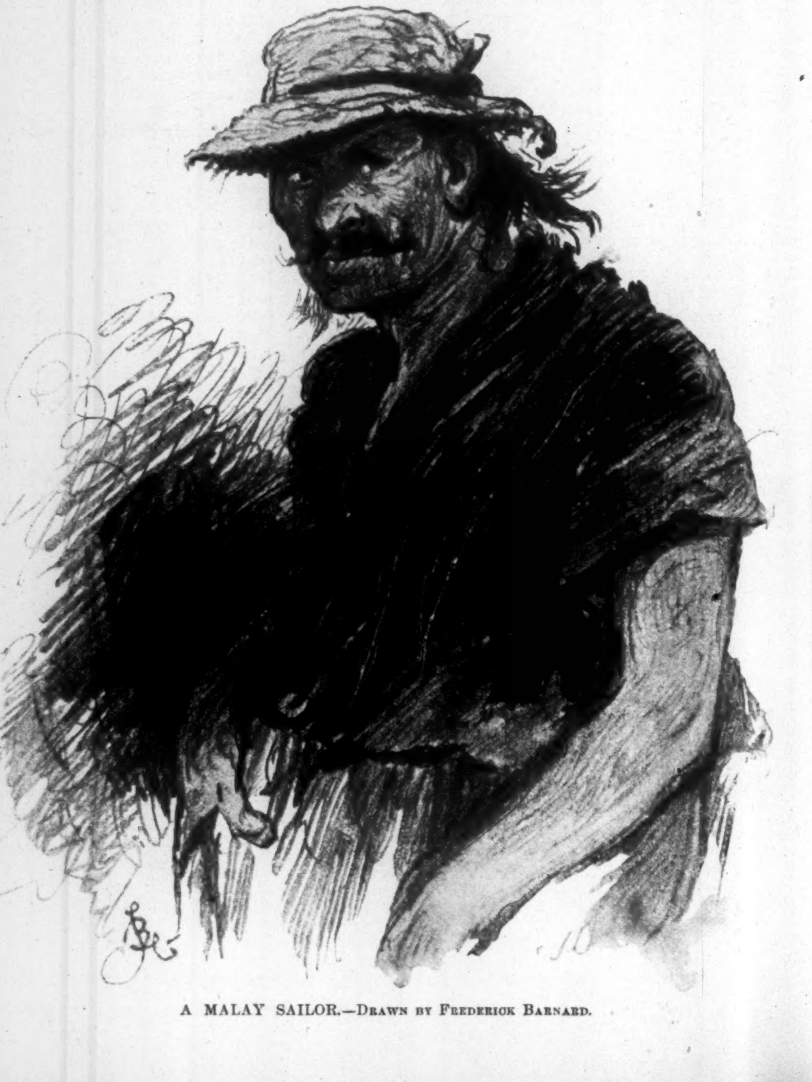
In later and more peaceful times the British have continued to hold the most of the China and East India trade with Europe and America. But for a decade preceding the American civil war, the United States, still a maritime nation, sent out its China clippers, immense swift vessels, daringly handled with a seamanship not exceeded in the world's history. With a vast spread of canvas carried on to the last limit of safety they cut their way through all seas, in all weathers, round Cape Horn to San Francisco and China; thence, freighted with tea, silks, mattings, and fire-crackers, returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The civil war swept these ships from beneath their flag, and any subsequent revival of commerce between New York and China in American bottoms was weakened by the competition of British tramp steamers and the Union Pacific Railway connecting with Chinese ports by means of steamship lines. There is no longer for sailing vessels the excitement of the long ocean race from Hong-Kong in order to be the first arrival in New York with a cargo of new tea, or to get a great consignment of fire-crackers to port before the Fourth of July.

Various other important changes have occurred in the commerce with China and India. The thorough policing of the seas by the war vessels of civilized powers has rendered all the great maritime routes safe from pirates, and the cannon and arm chests, once a regular part of the tea ship's outfit, seldom figure now in its equipment. The disappearance of the American sailor from the ocean, and the decrease in number of English sailors have brought into requisition in the trade with southern Asiatic ports the Indian and Malay seamen known as Lascars. The British ships and steamers, which do most of the American foreign carrying trade, are frequent employers of this help, and in some years a dozen or more vessels from the East Indies or China arrive in New York manned by crews of these dark-skinned mariners. The Lascars of ships from Bombay and Calcutta are usually recruited from the seaboard natives of India, while those of vessels from China, Manila, and ports of the Malay Archipelago are commonly Malays, with Chinese cooks, stewards, and carpenters.

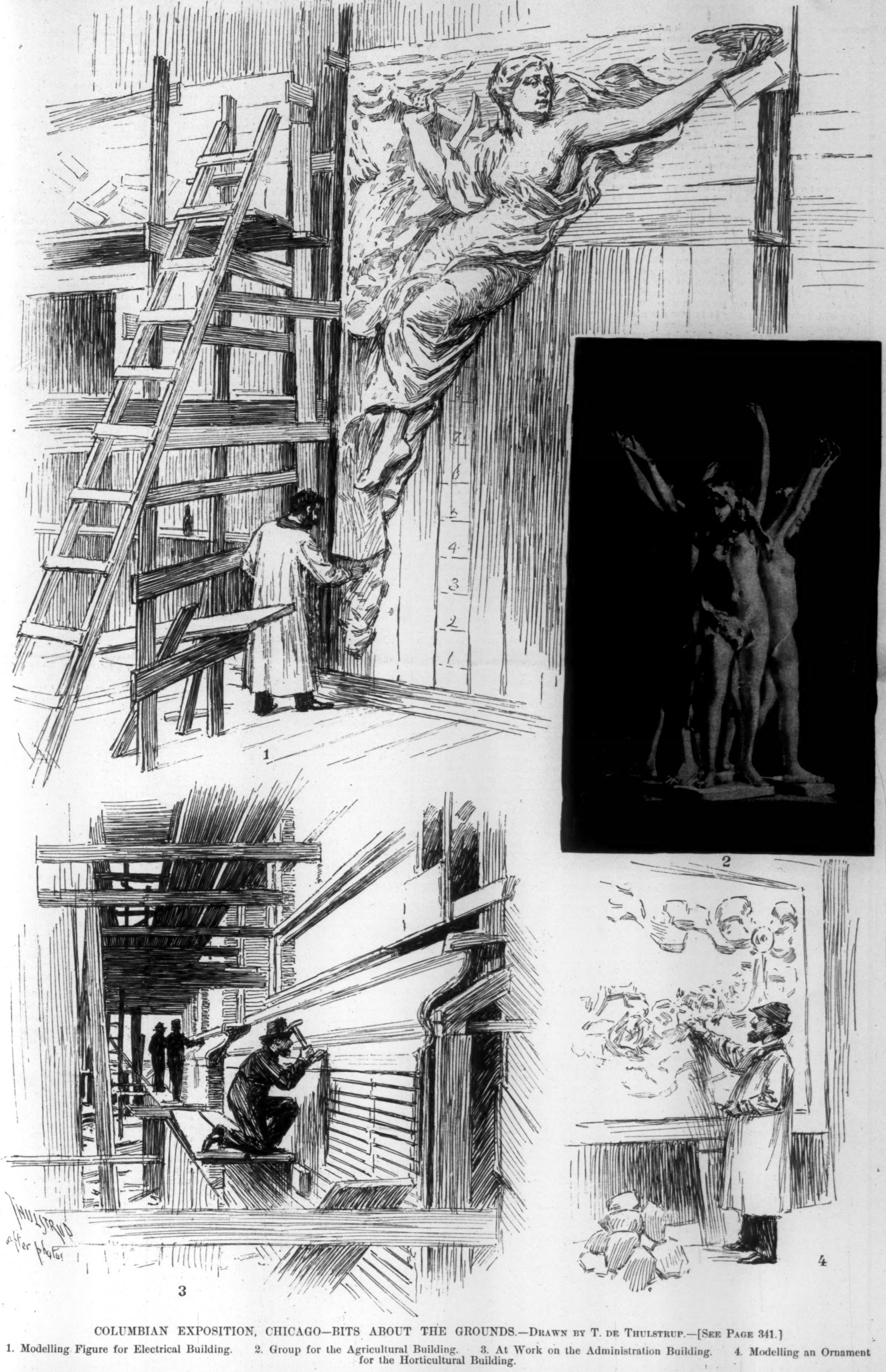
It would oddly impress a deep-water mariner of the old school to see a modern tea-ship manned by Malays, a race once dreaded as inveterate pirates, but who now, with sarang and creese exchanged for the dungaree jumper and trousers and the sailor's sheath-knife, peaceably work in the commerce which once they menaced. Naturally a maritime people, they take handily to sailor work; and neat in appearance and habits, docile and uncomplaining, they need only good officers to make them useful seamen. They are short of stature, with beady black eyes inscrutable and often melancholy, and gentle demeanor; but, taciturn and reserved of nature, they sometimes brood over injuries received, nursing their resentment into the desperately murderous spirit that now and then sends one of this race in East India cities *amck* through the streets, creese in hand, slaying every person in his way until he himself is slain. Latent in these submissive Lascars, who work so willingly, singing quaint native chants as they pull at ropes, are the elements of the slave, desperado, assassin, pirate, and religious fanatic; and each humble sailor sets a value so high upon his peculiar code of honor and so slight upon human life, his own or others, that he is dangerous to offend. Mohammedans by faith, they are mainly vegetarians in diet, and English ships employing Lascar crews are required by law to provide them with acceptable food consisting of rice, flour, daal, ghee, curry, oil, mustard, dry fish, fresh meat, sugar, and tea. The standard salt pork and beef, pease, and coffee demanded by European sailors do not figure in their commissary. The language used between the ship's officers and the men is a sort of "pigeon" tongue based upon Hindostanee and Malay dialects mixed with English, Arabic, and other elements. In working capacity two Lascars are reckoned as equal to one European sailor, and crews are shipped upon this basis of numbers. In tropical seas the Malay sailor, climbing lightly as a monkey about the rigging, goes thinly clothed and barefooted, but in Northern climes adopts the warmer garb common to seamen the world over. Ashore he wears clothes of the usual sailor's holiday pattern, brightened by his red fez, and barbaric gold or silver ornaments, as rings, charms, or bracelets.

The shipping articles which the Lascar signs in his native country specify that he shall be returned to the port of departure either in the vessel he originally shipped in or another duly provided. This excellent provision for his protection makes him a more valuable seaman, as being unlikely to desert the ship in port, and secures him against being left destitute in a foreign land. Waiting for his money at the shipping office or consulate in New York, and subsequently setting forth to see the town, he carries himself with a decorum in marked contrast with the behavior, often boisterous, of the white sailor. Keeping well together, the Lascars take up their quarters in some one of the foreign seamen's boarding-houses, usually on the east side, near Chatham Square. Here they are near the Chinese restaurants, where they can feast upon queer dishes of rice and meats hot with curry, pepper, and spices, and upon other Celestial delicacies so pleasing to the Oriental taste. Their dissipations in the way of stimulants are mainly confined to tea, coffee, and tobacco, sometimes supplemented by opium-smoking and hasheesh. Carrying out in an orderly way some of the traditional sailor fashions, they visit the dance-houses, but personally do not meddle with the vile alcoholic poisons dispensed in these places. Their national passion for gambling they gratify in the mysterious games and "lay-outs" of the Chinese neighborhood. A ship's crew endeavors to stay all together at one boarding-house, and its members keep well in company in their goings about the town. A noticeable feature of their life ashore in New York is the curiosity they often display to visit and examine public works and edifices. The Brooklyn Bridge especially excites their curiosity, and when ships from China or from India are in port groups of these picturesque exotics from the East may often be seen upon its foot-walks, inspecting every detail of the structure with keen and wondering interest. Their Dyak ancestors, it may be recalled, were early builders of suspension foot-bridges.

They depart on their long voyage homeward as unobtrusively as they came. Sometimes, rarely, a Lascar remains behind, finding occupation as a cook, peddler, cigar-maker, or some employment in connection with shipping, at last, perhaps, to betake himself again to the sea. He adapts himself well to the unfamiliar conditions of his new life, and even in conventional Western garb presents an unusual and striking feature amid the sprinkling of all nations that joins in the movement of the great metropolis.



A MALAY SAILOR.—DRAWN BY FREDERICK BARNARD.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THULSTRUP
after photos

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—BITS ABOUT THE GROUNDS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

1. Modelling Figure for Electrical Building. 2. Group for the Agricultural Building. 3. At Work on the Administration Building. 4. Modelling an Ornament for the Horticultural Building.

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

MR. REINHART's picture of an interview with a Congressman represents a reporter who is learning from his home member what the latter wants to say concerning something that is before Congress, or that is of especial interest to the people of the district, which is served in their different spheres both by the Congressman and the newspaper. In the routine of the office of a Washington correspondent this kind of work comes along with the rest. Its performance requires accuracy and an intelligent understanding of the subject, whether it be a diplomatic difficulty, the condition of the Treasury, the chances for the passage of a tariff or a free coinage bill, or the member's hopes of an appropriation for a public building or for a river and harbor improvement. The work is important, for the people at home have confidence in the views of their member, especially if he has the good fortune to represent a country district, and they are anxious to know his opinion on the topics that are for the moment uppermost in their own minds.

Besides being accurate and possessing an intelligent comprehension of the subject of the interview, the correspondent must enjoy the confidence of the interviewed. The Congressman who submits to an interview naturally talks freely, and would not like to see all that he says in cold type. The correspondent must have discretion, and must be able to separate what may be printed from what ought to be omitted. He may thus lose a precious nugget of gossip, but he will save his standing with the member, who will be a useful source of information as long as he remains a member of Congress.

It is not by the interview or by the faithful performance of any other feature of the routine of daily news-gathering that a Washington correspondent reaches eminence. If editors-in-chief were half as intelligent as they are supposed to be, they would like a correspondent who could live on familiar and intimate terms with the men who are really making news—the men who are playing the most important parts in the government of the country. Then their papers would always be furnished with intelligent previsions of the course that great questions will take, and with the earliest information concerning the plays in the great game of politics.

A prolific source of fame to a Washington correspondent is the "beat." The "beat" may be obtained in a variety of ways. The most important "beats," to the average editor's mind, are usually of the least consequence. The correspondent who keeps himself familiar with large questions and with leading men is able to anticipate the happening of important events; but the striking glory, that which brings forth the practical commendation of increased salaries or golden gifts is the securing of news that has been concealed, the unearthing of scandals of which no one knows, the obtaining of papers that are supposed to be confidential, the pulling forth of secrets of life and statesmanship into the light of publicity.

Some of the methods by which the glittering "beats" of the profession have been obtained are very interesting. There is remembered the man who picked the sermon from the pocket of the preacher while he was offering the opening prayer, putting it at once on the wire, so that the newspaper readers were satisfied, but the congregation was disappointed. Correspondents have done a good many things that are not much nicer than this; in other words, they have been quick to respond to the demands of the home office.

There was only one correspondent invited to the wedding of Miss Nellie Grant, and he was asked as an intimate friend of the family. He did not go, but in some way his card got into the possession of an active, shrewd, and ambitious young man, who went to the reception, to the astonishment of the President's family, and described it most accurately for his newspaper. His list of the presents was a feat of memory, and he has since said that he visited the room where they were displayed so frequently that he finally excited the suspicions of the policeman, who evidently regarded him as one who was bent on thievery.

It has never been definitely known how the *Tribune* correspondents obtained their advance copy of the Washington treaty under which the Alabama Claims Commission was established, but two of them, H. J. Ramsdell and Z. L. White, suffered luxurious imprisonment for it in one of the Senate committee-rooms. It is supposed that one of the underlings of Senator Oliver P. Morton gave away the copy of the treaty.

The subordinates of the Senate and of the Executive departments, however, are not the people who always or generally give away treaties or other diplomatic and State secrets. The modification of the Chinese treaty, recognizing our exclusion laws, was negotiated by a commission, of which Mr. Trescott, of South Carolina, was a member. The labors of the commission were known to be completed, but, so far as the public and the eager correspondents knew, the new treaty had not been sent to the Senate for ratification. One day a correspondent was walking through the Senate Chamber and passed Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State, who was talking with Senator Wade Hampton. Mr. Evarts held out his hand in greeting to the correspondent, who was thus detained long enough to overhear the Secretary say to the Senator,

"Mr. Trescott has certainly not disappointed us."

Instantly the mind of the newspaper man responded to the involuntary suggestion, and he at once made his way to the seat of a Senator on whose desk lay the printed copy of the Chinese treaty and the accompanying correspondence. The pamphlet was marked in plain type, "Confidential."

"I want your copy of the Chinese treaty," said the bold youth.

"You can't have it," quoth the Senator.

"But I must—"

"'But you must' go away now. Come to my room this evening."

The young man went, and the Senator told him that he might have anything he could find on his writing-table. He found the treaty, and in less than half an hour it was on its way to New York and to several other cities; for the correspondent was generous, and gave away the treaty to his less fortunate brethren; provided, however, that their papers were not local competitors of his own.

And this story reminds me of the manner in which a correspondent obtained the news that the treaty was to be negotiated by a commission, and not by the United States Minister to China. It was from Ann Arbor, Michigan, that the rumor first came. President Angell, of the university, was to be one of the commissioners, and the fact that he had been invited to serve came to the knowledge of a Washington correspondent through a former regent, then a member of the House of Representatives. There would not have been this offer if there were not to be a commission. Reasoning thus, another correspondent called on Secretary Evarts, and asked him if a commission was to be created. The Secretary's evasive reply was not like the Irishman's —"Is your grandmother a monkey?"—but the peculiar involutions of the sentences induced the correspondent to believe that the Michigan rumor had put him on the right track, so he went to Assistant Secretary John Hay, and bluntly requested him to tell him the names of President Angell's associates, and the genial Assistant Secretary, assuming a knowledge that the correspondent had not, kindly gave the names of the other commissioners.

This was shady, and the story that follows is shadier still. It was late one night, and a young man who was spending his first winter in Washington was sitting up in his office, that of a New York newspaper. He was in the habit of sitting up, for he was new to the place, and was afraid that if he went to bed something might happen that would not get into his newspaper. To him thus sitting up entered a particularly disreputable member of the fraternity in a particularly disreputable state of intoxication.

"Want Pres'd'nt's mess'ge?"

Now a veto message had been looked for for some days. It was in the exciting session of 1879 that all this happened, and the army bill, with its rider prohibiting the use of troops at the polls, was before Mr. Hayes. Would he veto it? That was the question.

The correspondent confessed that he wanted it, and paid the drunken messenger $100 for it. Then, having filed it in the telegraph office, he asked how the precious document had been obtained. It turned out that the President had given a copy of the message to a close but thirsty friend, who, after a devious evening, wandered wearily into the company of the intoxicated newspaper man. In the course of the maudlin conversation that followed, Mr. Hayes's personal friend announced that the President would send in his veto on the following day, and exhibited a printed copy of the message in corroboration. The newspaper man's tongue and legs were drunken, but his professional instincts were sober enough to enable him to see the mine within his grasp. He borrowed the document for examination, there being a bet pending, forgot to return it, and then sold it, as has been narrated.

Once upon a time a Senator possessed a very important document. It was a photograph of an affidavit made by a mail contractor, detailing the methods by which the Star Route frauds were perpetrated. A correspondent wanted it, and the Senator had his own reasons both for not wishing to disappoint the correspondent nor give away the affidavit. Therefore, he failed to keep his appointment with the newspaper man. The latter became disgusted at last, and going to the Senator's committee-room, demanded the paper of the clerk, and got it. The Senator was not in a position to reveal the true state of his feelings.

Of course a good deal of news is bought. One year a printer in the Treasury Department was bribed, and gave to a newspaper correspondent the President's message and the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. This was during Mr. Hayes's administration. It was said that $1000 was the price of the report. When Cassanave, of the Louisiana Returning Board of 1876, was in Washington in 1879, he wrote an alleged confession, in which he implicated the President and Secretary Sherman with the infamies of the board. His confession was purchased by one newspaper man of another for $300.

These are entertaining episodes, but they are very infrequent. The Washington correspondent usually gets his news by methods quite different from these. In his as in other occupations the meed of success is attained by honest industry, and the man who understands public questions and the immediate interests of the community in which his newspaper is published, and who, besides, has won the friendship and esteem of the leaders in public life, from the President to the head of a bureau or division in one of the departments, is the man whose news will be fresh and pertinent, take it day in and day out, and to whose despatches the readers of his paper will turn for the most accurate and the most intimate information. The youth who buys the President's message of a chance acquaintance, who, in turn, has obtained it by questionable means, may beat the experienced and alert man on that occasion, but the beating that he will receive from the older man will go on day after day, and until he, too, becomes part of the human mosaic that makes the pattern of public and semi-public business in Washington.

H. L. N.

MY FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP.

AT the outbreak of the civil war my brother and I enlisted, and our company was ordered shortly after to join its regiment, the Fifty-fifth Virginia, at Fort Lowry.

We were young fellows, fresh from a Northern college, to which we had been sent by our father, who was one of the wealthiest slave-owners in that section of the State familiarly known as "lower Virginia." We were full of enthusiasm, and having grown very tired of several weeks of enforced inactivity, eagerly welcomed this order to move to the front.

Each of us carried with him a body-servant. Mine was named Solomon; a very black darky, about forty years of age, and rather inclined to corpulency; he was a thorough aristocrat, and of a most overbearing and haughty demeanor in his intercourse with the other negroes at the quarters. My brother's servant also bore a biblical name—David. He was fully as black as Solomon, but several years younger, thin, sprightly, and—well, there is only one word which will express it—"sassy"; not toward my brother or myself, be it said, to whom he was deeply attached, but toward his fellow-servants. They had both been born on my father's estate, and had never been off of it a dozen miles in their lives, and they set out on the march in fully as high spirits as we youngsters. Accustomed as they had been to the warmth and shelter of the pine log quarters, they were very much disgusted to find, when camp was pitched, that they were to sleep under a tent and on the ground—as much, be it said, on our account as on their own.

My brother and I had a large officer's tent, and David and Solomon a smaller one, just back of ours. After we had all turned in for the night, my brother and I could scarce refrain from laughing outright at the conversation, which we plainly overheard, in the other tent, before its occupants fell asleep.

"What kind ob libbin' does yer call dis, anyway?" asked David.

"Wusser dan a rabbit," said Solomon.

"A 'possum's powerful luxur'ous ter dis kind ob t'ing!" said David.

"'Deed is he!" said Solomon. "An' dem niggars down at de quarters a-lyin' up in beds wid a fire roarin' up de chimbley!" said David.

Solomon groaned.

"An' who knows but what some one ob dese hyar coach-whip snakes will a-come a-creepin' in under dem sides afo' mawnin'!"

"Good Gord!" said Solomon.

"Or one ob dese hyar swamp lizards what 'ain't bin froze yit a-comin' in hyar fer ter warm hisse'f!"

"Great Gord!" said Solomon.

"An' jist ter t'ink ob Marse William an' Marse Allen a-sleepin' out hyar in one ob dese contrapshuns, when all dere blessed libes dey's bin a-tucked up in fedder-beds till you couldn't see ha'r nor hide ob 'em!"

"Dat's so; it am powerful hard on 'em, sartain," said Solomon.

"An' a-eatin' roastin' yars an' taters instid ob chicken an' duck an' lamb an' turkey, an'—an'—"

"'Possum," said Solomon, by way of climax.

"An' jist ter t'ink ob dem Yankees a-puttin' us folks ter all dis hyar worriment! I doan know why de good Lord lets 'em lib; I 'clar I doan. Does you know what I'd do wif 'em ef I war in His place?" No answer save a snore from Solomon. "Well," continued David, "I'd put a spell on ebbery last one ob dem, dat I would fer sartain! All dis hyar worriment an' pestiferousness! Well, I declar' ef dis hyar niggar ain't 'sleep, an' a-snoarin' like a horg! I do 'clar' he am de sleepiest-headdidest niggar I ebber did see, fur shuah!" he said, with a disgusted grunt; and judging from the duet of snores which reached us soon after, we felt sure that David was hard on the track of Solomon.

"Poor devils!" said my brother, "they miss the quarters. I'm almost sorry we brought them."

"Well," said I, "you would have found it hard work to persuade them to remain at home, and harder now to make them leave us."

And it was true. There was something almost sacred in the great love many of the slaves at the South bore to their masters.

We were young, hot-headed, and thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the camp. Ah, how tired we grew of it before the four years were over! We soon fell asleep, and dreamed—at least I know I did—of great victories over the foe, of promotion, a general's straps, and "the girl I'd left behind me," as the old song runs.

The night wore on. Suddenly we both sprang from our beds. Some one was being killed. Listen! "Help!" "Murder!" The cries were muffled, but sounded near at hand.

"Quick!" I cried, and we dashed out of the tent.

It was dark as pitch; the wind was blowing furiously, and a cold driving rain drenched us to the skin in an instant. But we paid no heed to this. Some one was being killed, and near by. "Help! Murder! O Lord! Pull him off! I'm a-smotherin'! Murder!" We now plainly recognized the voice; it was Solomon's. Some one was killing our servants, and we rushed around to their tent. Suddenly I stumbled, and fell over some large wet object on the ground. The cries were redoubled, and the object pitched and tossed violently. I was badly frightened for an instant, but, before I could regain my feet, realized exactly what had happened. The tent was down, and our two servants, caught underneath, were half dead with fright, and making desperate efforts to free themselves.

I called to them, bidding them be still, while my brother and I set to work to make an opening through which they might crawl out. They recognized my voice, and David exclaimed:

"Thank de good Lord! I's mighty nigh zausted, but I's a-holdin' onter him like grim deaf!"

And Solomon, in a weak voice, exclaimed: "Fur marcy sake, pull dis hyar fool offen me! He's got me by de froat so tight I skeercely kin breave!"

Finally the tent was dragged away, and there on the ground lay Solomon with David "holdin' onter him like grim deaf," true enough.

"What do you mean, you black rascal?" I cried. "What are you trying to kill Solomon for?"

"What Solomon?" he asked, in a bewildered way. "I 'ain't seen no Solomon."

"This is Solomon," I cried, "and you have nearly strangled him to death. What do you mean by all this?"

"I 'clar ter grayshus, Marse William, I 'ain't laid eyes on Solomon sence I furst went ter sleep. I wussent doin' a blessed t'ing—just a-lyin' up dere sleepin', when, all ob a sudden, sumptin' hit me *kerwhop* in de face, an' den jumped squar' on top ob me, an' I jist grab him an' holt on till you and Marse Allen come."

"Dat's de mostest big fool ob a niggar ebber I did see!" said Solomon. "Hyar I was a-lyin' up dere like a lamb, an' he come a-pouncin' inter me an' grabbin' me by de froat an' nearly choakin' de wind out ob my 'jestive organs."

"Well, I declar'!" said David. "War dat you, Solomon?"

"Most in sartin it war," said Solomon, snappishly.

"Well, look a-hyar, niggar, what done 'sess you ter come flop me in der face, an' den come a-jumpin' inter me like dat?"

"Nuffin ob de sort!" replied Solomon. "Nuffin ob de sort! On de contrary, youse de one what come a-buckin' inter me."

"Look a-hyar!" cried David.

But I broke in with: "Here, stop this quarrelling! Neither one of you hit the other in the face. It was the tent which blew down on you; then you were frightened out of your wits, and began fighting each other and yelling murder loud enough to wake every man in the company."

They began to mutter words of apology, but the excitement was over, and our teeth were chattering violently out there in that freezing rain, so I cut their protestations short with: "That's all right. No harm done. The only thing you can do now is to put this tent up again. Be sure to drive the poles and pins in deeper." And my brother and I made a dash for the friendly shelter of our tent.

Back in bed and warm once more, we buried our heads in the blankets and laughed until we were weak. For the sake of discipline I had tried to appear stern and angry, but was only able to carry on my acting to a satisfactory close, thanks to the darkness which hid my face. This was twisted, I know, into the queerest contortions in my struggles to keep from laughing outright. Outside, David and Solomon could be heard fumbling about in the dark for the poles, and the holes to place them in. Presently we overheard David say to Solomon, "Well, I nebber did speck ter come ter dis." And Solomon replied, with a strong tinge of malice in his voice, "But youse done come ter dat, dough!" No one can imagine how supremely ridiculous this dialogue sounded—the disgusted tones of David's voice, the triumphant tones of Solomon's.

My brother and I laughed till we fairly cried, and more heartily still when, after half an hour's work, Solomon appeared timidly at the door of our tent to ask "Marse Allen" please to speak to his "niggar" David, and make him give him the place nearest to the door; "fur," said he, "if dat fool am took agin wid anodder ob dem rabbit fits, I wants ter be whar I kin git out!"

AMATEVR · SPORT

DESPITE THE FACT that a great deal of newspaper booming is being given the approaching yachting season, the truth is that the prospects for racing are not so good as they were last year. Then we had half a dozen new boats building in a new class, all unknown quantities, and every one the product of an able designer. It must be acknowledged it did not take long to settle the relative positions of the yachts, but then that's another story. This year the one matter of discussion is what Mr. Rogers's *Wasp*, the new 46-footer, will do against last year's champion, Mr. E. D. Morgan's *Gloriana.* The fact that both yachts have been designed and built by the same man adds greatly to the interest, and persuades some superficial thinkers that the last model will naturally be the faster. Aside from these two, the only other active member of the class known thus far will be the *Beatrix*, which the Adams brothers have recently purchased and will put in racing trim.

THERE ARE NO ADDITIONS to any of the larger racing classes, and there does not seem to be any evidence of activity among those now in existence. Mr. Morgan is building an addition to the 35-foot class, a freak by the Herreshoffs, but there is little likelihood of her having any worthy competitors. She will probably have the class to herself. The *Sun* made the excellent suggestion to the New York Yacht Club officers some days ago that they give a race for small yachts, and thus, by its recognition, stimulate interest that seems fast becoming stagnant. The 21-footers are apt to be the salvation of the racing year; a number are building, and if they do not prove abnormal examples of designers' fancies, they may become useful members of the yachting world.

THE MOST PRACTICAL SERVICE that has been rendered sportsmen in this country in many a year is the recent formation of the United States Horse and Cattle Show Society, for the purpose of holding shows each year, with the object of improving the breed of all classes of horses, cattle, sheep, etc. And not only is the sportsmen benefited, but every man who loves a horse or takes pride in his cattle. It is an occasion for general rejoicing among all those interested in the improvement of stock, whether from pecuniary or other interests. We have had our annual Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, and, to be sure, it has worked great good; but it has become an occasion when "society" quite lays itself out to monopolize the week, and, it must be confessed, its efforts do not go unrewarded. "Society" will, of course, attend this great open-air show, with its jumping courses and speeding track, but it will be as an intelligent observing spectator, and not the *raison d'être* of the show's being. It is not the intention to go into the detail of the scheme here. Next week full data and an illustration of the grounds, etc., will be given. In the mean time everybody is working hard, particularly Mr. James T. Hyde, to whose indefatigability we are indebted for any show at all this year. It opens May 9th on the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds--155th Street end of Sixth Avenue elevated—and closes May 14th.

APROPOS OF THE RECENT ARRAIGNMENT of the Amateur Athletic Union officials in this column for their apparent indifference to the rottenness of boxing under their rules, I clip the following from an article on the subject by one most learned in athletic lore:

> "'But,' some one will say, 'why does not the Amateur Athletic Union prefer charges against these men, and try them at once?' Simply because they see that there would be no chance of obtaining evidence sufficient to convict. If some so-called amateur boxer accepts money for his services as a competitor, the treasurer of the committee does not come on to the stage and count out the cash in the presence of the audience, nor does he summon the public and the reporters to witness the payment. Such business is transacted privately and secretly. The only men who could give legal testimony in the case are two—the committeeman who paid the money, and the boxer who received it. Of course they will and do refuse to testify, or to answer any questions on the subject, and the officials of the Amateur Athletic Union have no power to compel them to testify, or to talk at all."

There is no question about the accuracy of this statement. It is very difficult for any one to obtain absolute evidence against these men, but it is possible, and the Amateur Athletic Union has had the power, to make rules that would compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses, or punish them for their disregard of its orders and the decency of amateur athletics.

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER POINT not covered in the article from which this quotation is made, and one on which the A. A. U. has absolutely no defence. We can understand and appreciate the difficulty of getting evidence against one of these "sluggers," but the one fact which on its face contradicts the A. A. U.'s virtuous protestations is that these "clubs," known to be composed entirely of sluggers, to be managed by an element antagonistic to the purification of sport, to be "backed" by men oftentimes saloon-keepers, to be organized for the sole purpose of making money, to be clubs in name only, are nevertheless *admitted to membership* in the Amateur Athletic Union. Here is one place where the A. A. U. *does* have power, and where it could work great good if its intentions were as good as its professions. If it really wanted to exterminate the pest, it has ample power to refuse the application of such clubs. Another place where the A. A. U. has power—assuming an undesirable club to have got into the cherished fold by hoodwinking the unsophisticated A. A. U. officials—it must apply to the A. A. U. for dates on which to give its slugging; if the A. A. U. officials have discovered (but then, you know, the A. A. U. officials never do discover) anything to convince them of the insincerity of the club's amateur principles and methods, they can refuse to grant the date. Here are two prerogatives which the A. A. U. officials could wield with powerful effect. Will any defender tell us why they have never made use of them? One thing is certain—either the A. A. U. must exterminate the slugging vermin, or the vermin will destroy the A. A. U.

YALE SENT FOR DALZELL last week, and he came flying down from Cambridge to look over the candidates for the nine, and particularly to pass judgment upon the pitchers. It was generally supposed that he would pronounce favorably upon Bowers, but there is now more than a suspicion that he told Captain Murphy some plain facts, taking as a text the relative merits of Bowers and Highlands. His summing up must have given Murphy several new ideas upon this subject, for with the advent of the nine upon the still soft sod of the Yale field there has come a very different attitude toward all the candidates for the box. That feeling of satisfaction regarding Bowers's occupying the position seems thoroughly dispelled. While the correspondents of the daily press have ceased to mention Case as a pitcher—probably under instructions—Ridgway and a number of others are spoken of quite flatteringly, and Case is only called a candidate for the out-field. For all that, I fancy, Case will have a chance to try his hand in games nearer the batsmen than the outer garden, though I still consider Carter the best pitcher of the entire lot.

NORTON ALREADY SHOWS his older, steadier skill. He will have a considerable advantage in this respect, particularly when it comes to hitting. Then, too, there is a certainty that if neither Norton nor Beall shows marked superiority at second, the little captain will go there himself. Kedzie is handling grounders at third better than Bliss did, and with proper coaching, he will play the position well. Carter is developing great confidence in himself, and will be all the better for that assurance, especially as he is a Freshman, and the great fault of first year's men is usually lack of confidence when they go to the bat in championship games. Although far from the equals of Poole, both Jackson and Cole already show that they can hold the pitching, and the latter's throwing is decidedly better than it was last season.

The batting of the whole nine is weak. It is true that they have been in the field but a few days, and have not yet shaken off the effects of cage-work, but for all that, they do not promise much in the way of lining out the good balls. There is too much wild reaching, and that not of the free hitting order, but showing a lack of judgment in selection.

WHEN THE YALE CREW made its maiden effort in a shell, a week ago Friday, it looked very much as though the members would need life-preservers before they could get back to the boat-house. Stepping out of a barge into a shell for the first time is always a trying moment, but it did strike me that there were more waving blades in the air one moment, and attempts at sounding the next, than usual. However, to compare them with Harvard, the first thing that impressed me was that they did not have so firm and strong a catch. Three men at least in the boat showed a marked tendency to feel of the water before gripping it. There was also less control of the slide; the sneaking up was not so good, and the stopping was more noticeable. But in spite of the inferior physical proportions of the individuals in the Yale boat, they certainly are putting in their power longer and stronger than the men in the Harvard boat.

VAN HUYCK AND BALLIET are as sturdy a pair of tough hard pullers as ever sat in a shell, and although too short to be the best of form, Captain Hartwell need never expect to find any better men for work. Ives shows no sign of his former weakness, and if he comes along all right in that respect is a picked oar. Graves grows more satisfactory, but still cuts his stroke too short. Rogers—well, if Rogers were not so tall, if his 150 pounds were not drawn out to nearly six feet, he would be all right. A bow-oar of that weight would be no objection; many a good bow here and in England has been less, but they were hardly so long. Messler is out with a bad knee, and will not be able to make up the time he has lost; nor will Sanford, although the latter will in time make a strong man. Coaches are anywhere but at New Haven. Gill or Caldwell may either or both be up during the Easter recess, but it is such a man as Cowles or Stevenson that the crew needs.

HARVARD'S CREW HAS MADE no especial improvement the past week. Ninde has been stroking, Winthrop has been tried at No. 2, and Rantoul and Watriss have been working for No. 3.

The baseball nine has had some out-door play, and had a game on Saturday while we were on the press. They are beginning to work into shape, and show that they have been well coached in the cage. Team will be made up: Trafford or Dickinson, 1st b.; Frothingham, 2d; Hovey, s. s.; Cook, 3d b.; Corbett, r. f.; Hallowell, c. f.; Mason, l. f.; Whittemore and Soule, in-field subs.; Dickinson and Paine, out-field subs.; batteries, Highlands and Upton, Bates and Cobb, Howe (Wiggin) and Clarke.

THE YALE-HARVARD athletic meeting date has not been finally determined at this writing. At the Springfield meeting last week the Yale delegates proposed that they hold the games on the morning of May 21st at New Haven, to which Harvard agreed. As there is a university law, however, against morning games, permission from the Yale faculty must be gained ere the matter is decided. It is to be hoped that the desired vote may be obtained, as the time and date seem to be the best available.

IN COMMENTING LAST WEEK on fencing championships, we failed to give points earned by Dr. B. F. O'Connor. He made a record of 46.09 out of a possible 65, but was fined one point for overstepping back line, which brought him down to 45.09, to W. S. O'Connor's 45.50. In hurried writing, no mention was made of the class of spectators at the finals, which was of the best, or of the fact that although the fencing generally was far from satisfactory, and much below the two O'Connors', there has been a vast improvement in the last year or so.

THE WESTCHESTER HOUNDS are up and abroad with the first approach of spring. The Master, Mr. T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., announces meets—April 9th, Rye, 3.15; April 12th, Fair Grounds, 5.15—and particularly requests that the fields lately sown with grain be not ridden over.

THE PRINCETON NINE on Saturday, *vs.* the New Yorks, played good ball for a first game. Captain Young's pitching proved that the cares incidental to the captaincy had made no effect on his form. Brown will make an A No. 1 back stop, and his throwing to second will strengthen Princeton where she has always been weak. Otto's maiden effort on first worried him, but he will pull into shape. King at second is a star, and Ramsdell at third is not far behind him. Wright at centre field is a fixture. Woodcock at right is the liveliest fielder on the diamond, and McKenzie at left is counted on to do the batting for the outfield, for neither of the others amounts to much with the stick. A. Young was at short on Saturday, but Brooks is looked upon to fill that position, and should he not be satisfactory, it is possible Ramsdell may be put in, and Guild called to third. Team work was especially good, and reflects great credit on the captain's handling. The batting was only fair, but will improve.

WITH THE GAMES ROLLED FRIDAY, the first half of the finals in the American Amateur Bowling Union came to an end. The same degree of excellency which marked the work of the teams at the beginning has been maintained. At the close of the first half, the Phœnix, of this city, and America, of Newark, are tied in first place, with five victories and one defeat each. In second place there are five clubs tied, with four victories and two defeats. Third place is occupied by two clubs, with even victories and defeats; while in fourth and fifth places there are three and two clubs tied, respectively. The rear is brought up by the Elizabeth, with no games won. An odd instance in the summary for the week is that the America Club, which leads the Jersey City A. C. in games won and lost, has an average of four pins less per game. The same may be seen between others, and goes to demonstrate that the true standing of bowling clubs can never be correctly estimated, except on a basis of average taken from the total number of pins made in all the games played. This would prevent any possibility for unfair work, and give each and every club the place rightly belonging to it by reason of its work. The standing of each club for the first half is as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Average Game.		Won.	Lost.	Average Game.
Phœnix.......	5	1	$842\frac{1}{3}$	Palma.........	3	3	801
America......	5	1	$831\frac{5}{6}$	Grip..........	2	4	$790\frac{1}{2}$
Jersey City....	4	2	$835\frac{1}{2}$	Waverly......	2	4	775
Manhattan....	4	2	$825\frac{2}{3}$	Montgomery...	2	4	763
Echo.........	4	2	$820\frac{1}{6}$	New York B. C.	1	5	800
Peerless......	4	2	$824\frac{5}{6}$	Standard......	1	5	$790\frac{2}{3}$
Ivanhoe.......	4	2	$822\frac{1}{3}$	Elizabeth.....	0	6	774
New York A. C.	3	3	824				

Messrs. Shaw, Fisher, and Brown still lead in individual averages, each having made over 180. The average game for the three weeks is about 810. Two good team scores were made during the third week's games, 900 by the Manhattan A. C. and 906 by the Ivanhoes.

IT SEEMS, BY-THE-WAY, my little rally over Bob Cook and the Yale crew last week has been given a serious twist by some of his friends which was never intended for it. No one who knows anything of college boating, or even reads, dreams of questioning Bob Cook's loyalty to Yale, and there is no occasion for anybody to rise up in defence of what has not been impugned. Not only does Yale owe Cook a lasting debt of gratitude, but college rowing in this country owes its present improved form to his efforts. The Bob Cook stroke is the one which not only Yale, but Harvard, strives yearly to attain. But for all that, there is no reason why we should not poke a bit of good-natured fun at Mr. Cook if we like. We still think, without casting the slightest imputation on his loyalty to Yale, that it is unfair to leave Captain Hartwell in the lurch and the *alma mater* in this the year of its direst need.

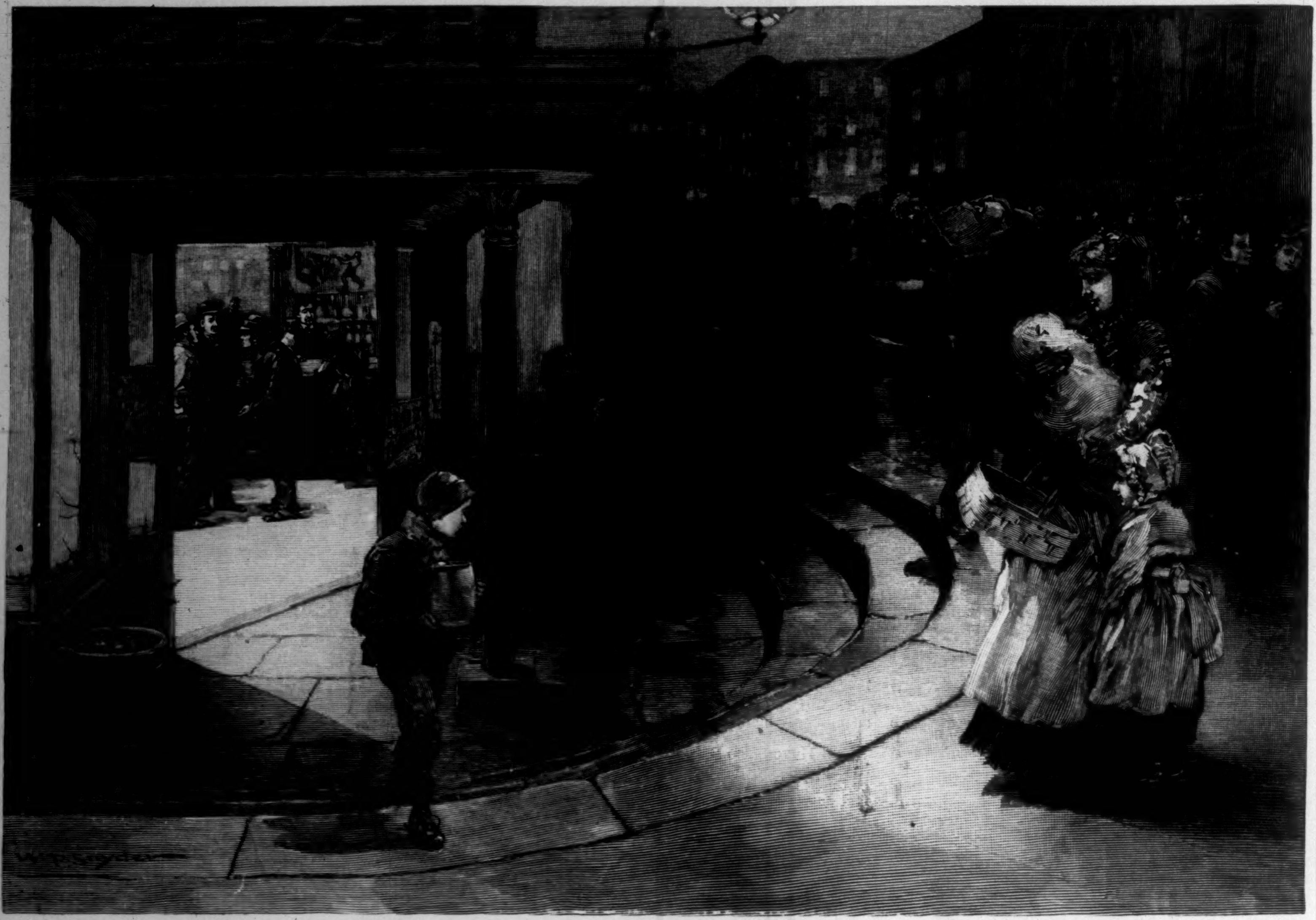
THE ST. AUGUSTINE LAWN-TENNIS tournament was not nearly so brilliant this year as last, when champion O. S. Campbell and ex-champion R. D. Sears added greatly to the spectators' interest and raised the average of play. Mr. F. G. Beach must have experienced no little annoyance at his friends for their easy and loudly heralded conviction of his chances for winning the Tropical Championship. However, such an ending did not seem an extravagant conclusion, for the entries were not a formidable array, including two or three familiar names and an unknown Englishman. The unknown proved to be the "dark horse," for in the finals he disposed of Mr. Beach by the ordinary score 6–4, 6–3, 6–3.

OLLIE CAMPBELL'S DOINGS ABROAD are being followed with great interest, for it is many years since we have had a first-class tennis-player in England. It is a question whether we have ever had a more skilful representative, and we naturally feel our time for taking a little of the innate conceit out of the Briton has arrived. Mr. Campbell has already played a few times since he went over, and been beaten with comparative ease by some of the first-class men, but this will not disturb those who are familiar with our champion's playing. He is never in form until the last of the season, and during the early days of practice is defeated without a great deal of difficulty. Last season, for instance, Campbell was defeated in various tournaments by A. E. Wright, Huntington, E. L. Hall, Hovey, and Hobart, yet when it came to the final contest at Newport, he arose to the occasion and successfully defended his title against the strongest player in America—Clarence Hobart. Therefore his defeat abroad a couple of weeks ago is of no moment, especially as he has not been playing since the Newport tournament, while the Englishmen had been playing all winter.

CAMPBELL WANTS TO PLAY the English champion Baddeley a match to decide on the world's championship, and is inclined to challenge him to that end, but the idea does not meet with approval of Englishmen. They claim their open tournament at Wimbledon to represent the world's championship, and that Baddeley, having won that, *is* the world's champion, which is quite as absurd as claiming that the winning English football eleven is a world champion, or the season's victorious yacht, or the winner of the Derby, or the successful athletes in the annual event, represent the world's championships. England's only reason for setting up such a claim is her priority in play; but as that really applies to everything in America, and is recognized in none, it is hard to understand why tennis should be made the exception. Mr. Campbell is the champion of America, and as such is entitled to challenge the champion of England. For the Englishmen to assert that he must go through the tournament and earn the right to meet the champion is unheard of. The champion of America, whether it be in tennis or anything else, has already earned the right to challenge the champion of any other nation on earth. If Baddeley came here, we should consider his challenge and respect his claims without first sending him through the Newport tournament to the All Comers' cup. But then we are not English. If Mr. Campbell succeeds in getting on a match with Baddeley, we feel he will bring the English title to this country.

THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS ASSOCIATION, in a brilliant attempt at legislating on foot faults, to keep Mr. Campbell from getting to the net so quickly after his service, has defeated its own end most completely. The old rule provided that the player have one foot on the service line, and the other behind said line, but not necessarily on the ground. The new rule compels the player to put one foot just back of the service line, while the other, although not allowed on the ground, is not restricted so far as position behind or in front of the service line is concerned. The other official act of the Association, the changing of the Eastern championship men's doubles from Staten Island to Saratoga, was wiser.

The most interesting addition to the year's fixtures is the Interscholastic Tournament, to be held on the Harvard Courts (gravel), May 7th, which will decide the interscholastic single championship. It is certain to prove intensely attractive,



WORKING THE GROWLER ON A SATURDAY NIGHT.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

and what is better than all, it means a permanent organization which, in its turn, means a great improvement in general form among the coming players at Newport over that we see to-day.

The athletic carnival at Philadelphia on May 17–18, under the auspices of the Athletic Club Schuylkill Navy, grows apace. Mr. Zieber, the chairman, reports the greatest encouragement from the various colleges, and the prospect of two great days of sport is rapidly becoming an assured fact. The scheme of bringing together men for sport's sake only is so good that it is hardly susceptible to criticism, but it seems as though the scope could have been broadened somewhat, and without lowering the standard a particle, by making it an invitation entry affair. In this way the co-operation of the colleges would have been gained just the same, and in addition the A.C.S.N. could have invited some of our athletic clubs' best and most desirable athletes. However, success appears to be a certainty without such assistance. There can be no two opinions on the desirability of cultivating intercollegiate athletics. We look in this direction for pure sport and for the maintenance of the amateur, and we like to have the public view these contests, for it gives them a more wholesome opinion of what they are too often prone to look down upon. We want to perpetuate the gentleman in athletics, and we should all, especially the colleges' athletic officials themselves, warmly support every movement that bears in that direction.

Caspar W. Whitney.

WORKING THE GROWLER.

It has often been said that slang phrases acquired quick vogue because they were more expressive than ordinary language. In many instances this may be true, but in all probability many of the slang expressions in almost universal use have in them nothing suggestive of the meaning which attaches to them. One of the latter class of phrases is "working the growler." Every one knows what it means, but I have found it impossible to find two persons to agree as to why "working the growler" meant taking beer away from a saloon in a pitcher or other utensil. Those who are usually respected as authorities upon questions of this kind were prompt when consulted in explaining the origin, but none of the explanations seems satisfactory. One said that the phrase originated on the east side of New York, where young men would congregate and send one of their number to bring beer. He who had to go was always a growler that the lot should have fallen on him. Another explanation was that these beer-drinkers became cross and quarrelsome over their potations, and the beer being the contributing cause, it got to be called the growler. And still a third said that the expression originated among the tramps who were in the habit of draining the dregs from empty beer barrels into old tomato cans, and then growling at the quality of the liquor. One gentleman insisted that the term was of English origin; but the only growler I can get trace of in England is the lumbering four-wheel cab, which in popular language in London is always called a growler. Victor Hugo is authority for the statement that Marshal Ney called his corps the growlers, because he could not give them fighting enough to keep them in good humor. To trace a slang phrase to its origin is sometimes pretty difficult, as witness the Englishman who said that "jag" was an Americanism meaning an umbrella, and as his authority he quoted from a St. Louis paper, "Mr. Brown was seen on the street yesterday morning in the rain carrying a nice large 'jag'." But however the expression arose, the custom is a very general one in those parts of all American cities a little away from fashionable precincts. Indeed, the bar-rooms and beer saloons have made special arrangements for a "growler" business, and there are little side-door compartments into which women and children can go and wait till their pitchers are filled with beer.

In the picture Mr. Snyder has made he gives us a glimpse of life on the east side of New York, in a district that fifty years ago was given up to the residences of prosperous merchants and tradesmen. But there has been a mighty change, and nowadays these once respectable and comfortable homes are the abodes of vice and poverty, which live so close together that it needs discriminating observation to tell the one from the other. But those who know this quarter well say that most of the poverty is honest, and that the really vicious are but a small minority. In this little picture how much of sad suggestiveness there is! There is the tramp, the lowest type of humanity, with his tomato can, looking for dregs and stale emptyings. There is the "dive" itself, with its groups of customers. There is the child with the filled pitcher, "working the growler" for those at home, and there is the young wife and mother peering anxiously into the bar-room for the husband who is wasting his scant wages within. Such scenes as this can be seen any evening by merely crossing the Bowery down at its lower end and going through any of the streets in the neighborhood. To those familiar only with the more orderly portions of the great metropolis, and whose walks do not take them off the great central thoroughfares and the adjacent streets, to cross over to this part of the town is like taking a journey to a foreign land. Not that it is particularly foreign in the sense that it is like that which is to be seen in any other country, but inasmuch as it will seem strange and odd. But it is hard to find anything either picturesque or amusing. The sights are of unrelieved sadness, and he who could bring away a light heart after taking a walk through the east-side streets would need to have a most cheerful disposition or be devoid of sympathy.

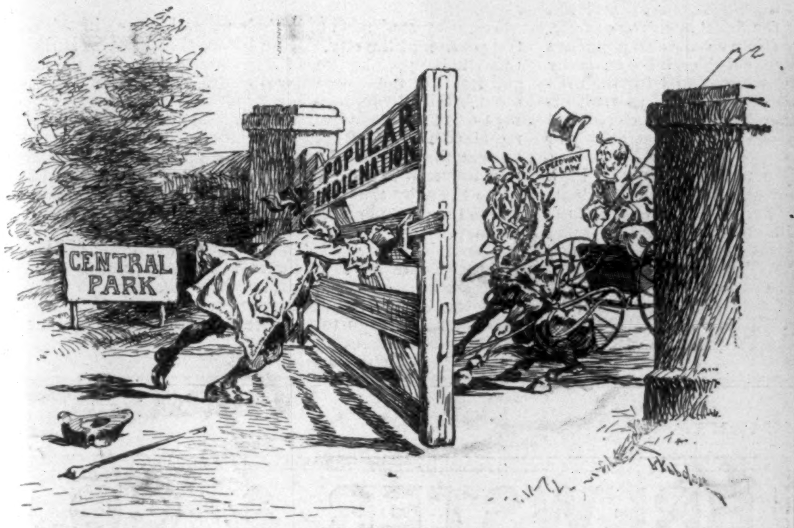
THE AMATEUR'S KITCHEN-GARDEN.

III.

When a beginner has passed through his first season, he should by all means commence the second year with a hot-bed, so that he can grow his own plants which he may wish to transplant into his garden. Nearly all of these plants can be purchased very cheaply, but one can never be certain that they will prove in maturity to be those he wished to purchase. There are many varieties of tomatoes, for instance, and they differ very greatly. Few, if any, horticulturists can tell one young tomato plant from another. It is not pleasant to plant, cultivate, and nurture a lot of tomato plants, thinking that they are of the Livingston Perfection variety, and find, as the fruit ripens, that you have only an inferior yellow sort. I have known this to be the case. Then, again, an amateur, when he has cultivated a plant from the seed, has a greater sense of responsibility and a keener realization of ownership. The hot-bed is useful to the amateur in starting not only tomatoes, but lettuce, cucumbers, parsley, peppers, egg-plants, and many other vegetables which cannot be exposed to the weather in the early spring.

The first hot-bed an amateur makes ought not to be large. One or two window-sashes will probably cover as much surface as he will have need for. Neither size nor shape has anything to do with the effectiveness of a hot-bed if it have the other conditions necessary to success. I once saw an excellent hot-bed full of vigorous egg-plants, and it consisted only of a large barrel with the head and bottom knocked out, the barrel let down half-way into the earth and banked up all around with soil; in the bottom there was six inches of stone for drainage, and then eighteen inches of rich unfermented horse-stall manure, six inches of fine rich earth, rising to within ten inches of the top of the barrel, which was covered with a discarded window-sash, removable at pleasure. This style is not recommended, but it shows that a hot-bed can be very simply made, and that so long as the cardinal principles be adhered to, all will be well. These principles relate to the placing of the manure so as to make it hold the heat of fermentation, and the handling of the sash so as to collect and accumulate the sun's heat.

The location of a hot-bed has much to do with its success or failure. It should be placed on land always free from flooding, and preferably on a slight declivity with good sub-soil drainage. It should be sheltered from withering winds, and, if possible, look to the south or southeast. If the amateur choose to make his own hot-bed, he may proceed as follows: The length and breadth decided upon, excavate a space two feet deep, and two feet wider and two feet longer than the chosen dimensions. After the excavation is completed, drive down at the four corners, and at intervals between the corners, posts of proper lengths, four by four inches square, to which nail side boards. The posts on the back frame should rise twelve or fifteen inches above the surface of the ground, and those in front six or eight inches. The side boards should be nailed only to those portions of the posts above ground, and the hot-bed box at this stage will seem to be on stilts. The excavation is for the purpose of keeping the material and contents of the bed as much removed from frigid air currents as possible, and thus economize manure. Into the excavation throw cornstalks, leaves, half-rotten straw, and coarse manure to the depth of about twelve inches. This will prevent dampness and facilitate drainage. On top of this coarse strata spread a layer of four or five inches of good horse-stable manure just beginning to ferment, avoiding pig and cow manure, as they do not heat. Tramp the manure down, and spread it evenly from end to end and side to side. Then put in another layer as before, and then a thin layer of the shortest and best unfermented manure obtainable, as this will subsequently be a feeding-ground for plants. These various layers will make about fourteen inches in depth. If the spreading and tramping and quality of the manure are not uniform in the bed, the plants will be irregular in their growth. Having arrived at this stage, the manure should be covered with the sashes over the frame until fermentation sets in. Then the manure should be covered with soil to the depth of about six inches. Soil, to be in the best condition for this purpose, should have been prepared in the previous autumn, and be kept safe from freezing until it is wanted. It should be rich and fine, and consist of about one-third well-rotted compost and two-thirds good loam. The bed should now be left until the soil has become warmed through, and the weed seeds near the surface had time to germinate. Then remove the sashes, rake the surface carefully to kill the weeds and make a



BARRED OUT.

smooth and fine seed-bed, and the amateur is ready to sow his seed.

The seed should be sown to a depth equal to four times the diameter of the seed sown, and as the plants are not intended to reach maturity, but to be transplanted, the seed may be sown more thickly than in the open ground. Seed in a hot-bed will germinate very quickly, and after the plants have appeared, greater care than ever must be observed in not letting them smother from too much heat when the sun is warm, and for the lack of air. It is very desirable that the seeds should in their growth get ahead of the weeds, and therefore the soaking of seed previous to their sowing is recommended. With either tomato, egg-plant, or lettuce, mix the seed with three times its bulk of sifted white sand, and soak in tepid water for one hour. Then place the mixture of sand and seeds in pans or shallow boxes in a warm place till the seeds show signs of germination. Some varieties will take longer than others, and different crops of the same variety will take different periods to sprout. Seed thus treated and sown on a properly prepared bed will often show a green line twenty-four hours after sowing, and thus be two or three days ahead of the weeds. After sowing, keep the surface of the bed moist. Seed started in pans may not need more than one watering previous to showing above ground; dry seed may require three or four waterings. But each gardener must judge for himself, keeping the soil moist, but not wet, to a depth of about one inch. In evening in early spring the sashes should be covered with a mat or with boards, or something else, to help retain the warmth. But rules cannot be laid down as to the management of a hot-bed. Constant attention and the application of common-sense are what is needed. It is a most valuable experience to an amateur, as he gets a more intimate knowledge of the beginning of plant life in his hot-bed than anywhere else. The knowledge he gets is akin to that of the young mother in the management of her first-born.

Nothing the amateur will have to do will be found to be more interesting than the transplantation to the open ground of the plants he has started in his hot-bed. This process should be performed on soils thoroughly dug and raked, and marked off in rows at proper intervals for hoeing. While thoroughly experienced gardeners can transplant under unfavorable conditions of soil and atmosphere, the amateur had better do it only when the soil is damp or wet, when the rain is falling, or the air charged with moisture, otherwise the plants may succumb under the hot sun or drying winds. In setting the plants in the row, space should always be allowed between them greater than the extreme diameter of the fully developed plant. For instance, if one variety of lettuce grows twelve inches in diameter and another five inches, the plants of the first variety should be set fifteen inches apart, and those of the second eight inches. In taking plants from seed beds, they should not be pulled up to the destruction of the rootlets, but lifted carefully with a trowel, and while out of the ground protected from the sun or air, as either influence will dry up those slender fibres, which must connect with the soil for the plant to thrive. The coarse roots may be looked upon only as so many anchors, as they do not sustain the life of the plant. The gardener in transplanting usually uses what is called a dibble, a long pointed cone-shaped tool, which, from its form and the rotary motion given to it when used, generally glazes and solidifies the sides of the hole, and leaves the earth nearest to the delicate rootlets of the plant in anything but an ideal condition. The best implement is the trowel, which leaves the soil mellow. The plants should be set deeper than they originally stood, but, as a rule, not deeper than the points of attachment of the lower stem. None of the root fibres should point upwards, but all should be turned downwards, and the more widely spread the better. The soil should be pressed down with the hand or foot after the plant is set, that the earth and rootlet may be brought into intimate contact, otherwise the time required to bring about this contact is so much lost time. It is a good plan to hoe a transplanted crop just as soon as the plants recover from the setting, as hoeing mellows the soil, and loosens it so that nitrogen from the air can be absorbed.

It takes a determined conviction of necessity to thin out young plants in a garden when the seeds have been sown too thickly. Do not hesitate to thin out, no matter how sturdy and attractive the plants may be, for one plant crowding another is of no more value and just as hurtful as a weed. This thinning out should be done before the plants be drawn or elongated in their stems or leaves, or they will ever afterwards show the injurious effects of crowding.

When an amateur has succeeded one or two seasons with hot-beds and simple vegetables, he is very apt to want a greenhouse in which he can keep up his horticultural pursuits during the winter. Such work requires even nicer attention than out-door gardening, but it is intensely interesting, and amply repays him who goes at it with zeal tempered by a genuine love for growing things.

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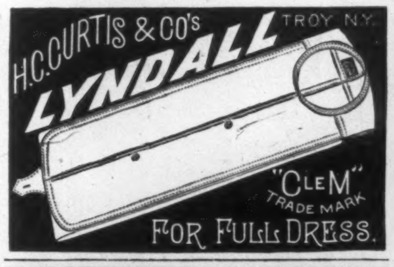

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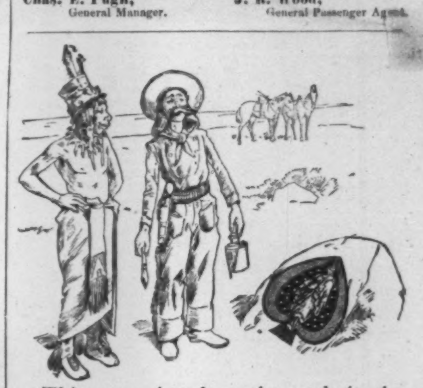

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GRAY SQUIRRELS OF CENTRAL PARK.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

Central Park is the great squirrel centre of the country, and probably more of the little rodents are found to the square acre in this public pleasure-ground than in their most favorite haunts among the wild nut groves. Their exact number has never been accurately ascertained, but irregular attempts to take their census have resulted in the remarkable disclosure of a population running up into the thousands.

The gray squirrel colony increases rapidly every year. So tame and lively do they become in early spring when hunting for food that they will often approach visitors to the Park, and almost beg for food. If a nut is thrown to them, they will approach within half a dozen feet to get it, and then run away to some tree to nibble it.

During their breeding season they are very wary and shy. They seldom approach their nests directly, but run up neighboring trees, and jump from branch to branch until they have completely bewildered those below. Their antics at such times are of great interest to all pedestrians. When the young ones are first able to run about, the Park is full of small families wandering over the fields in search of nuts.

At one time the common gray squirrels were so abundant in the Eastern States that they were considered a scourge by the farmers, and heavy premiums were offered for their destruction. They destroyed grain crops as well as fruit orchards; but gunners and sportsmen have long since reduced their numbers so that it is rarely one finds a large colony of them in any woods.

It is doubtful if many birds could breed in the Park owing to the presence of so many squirrels, for the rodents are passionately fond of eggs. They will not only eat the eggs in the nests, but they will often destroy the young birds themselves, making it almost impossible for a brood to reach maturity. Although the Park is the great resort for song-birds, it is a strange fact that comparatively few of them nest there, although they would not be disturbed by the people who visit the place. It is very probable that there is some connection between the presence of the gray squirrels in the Park and the noted absence of many birds' nests.

The gray squirrels are in their natural haunts in this central portion of the city. Long before the Park was laid out, this whole upper section of Manhattan Island was the home and resort of the squirrels and birds. They were then only disturbed by the hunters, but their numbers in this way were kept down. When the Park was laid out, a few old couples remained in it, and finally the city grew around the place so that they could not retreat further north. They were then hemmed in on every side; but as protection was extended to them by the Park Board, their numbers rapidly increased, until to-day the colony is about the largest in this country.

The rodents are great additions to the Park, and their presence is always to be desired. They give an interest to the scene even in midwinter, and it would be a great loss to have them sacrificed to any prejudiced notion. They do little or no damage to the trees, and there are no fruits or grain-fields for them to destroy.

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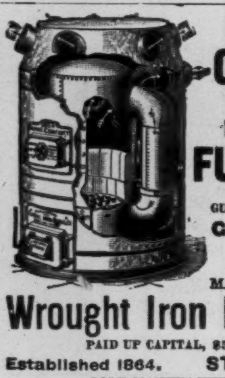

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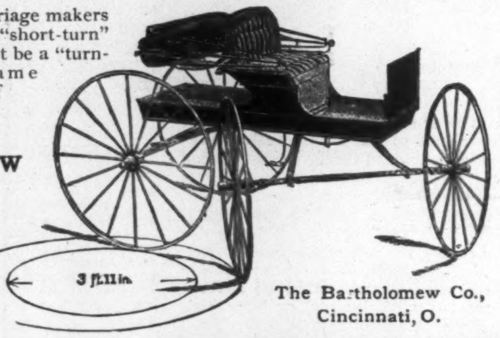

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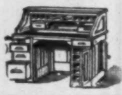

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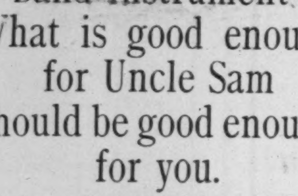

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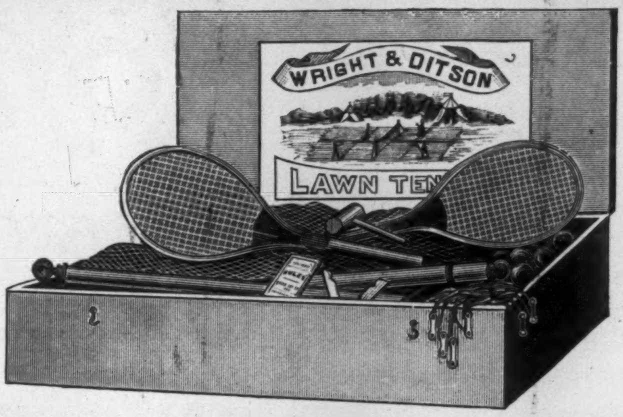

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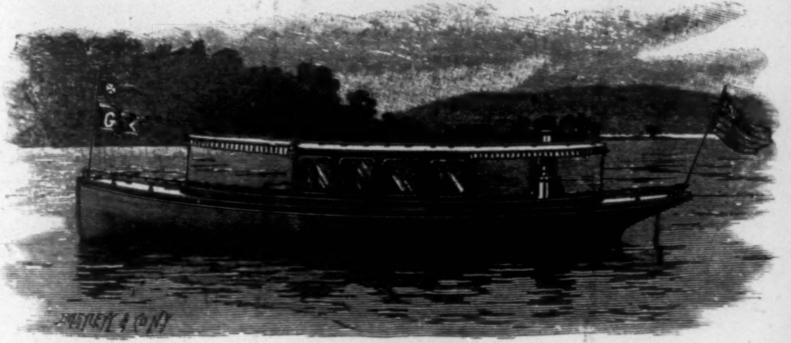

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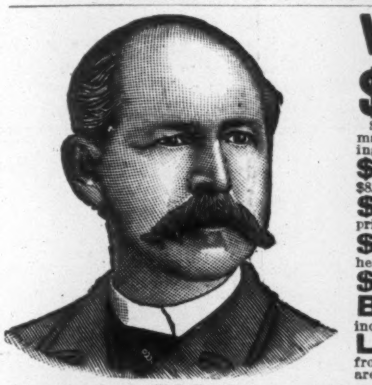

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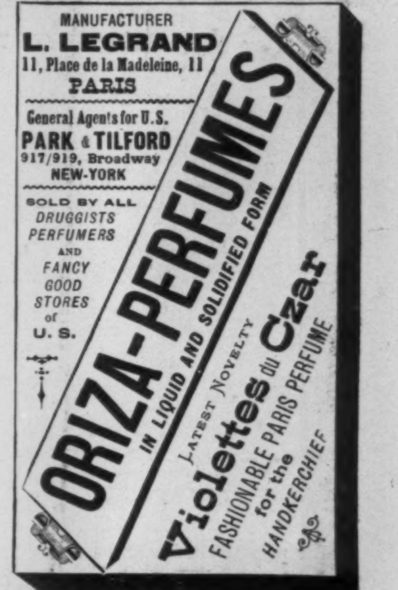

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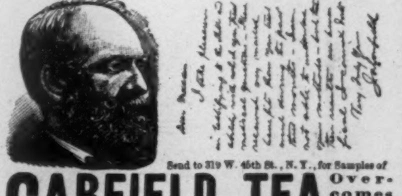

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